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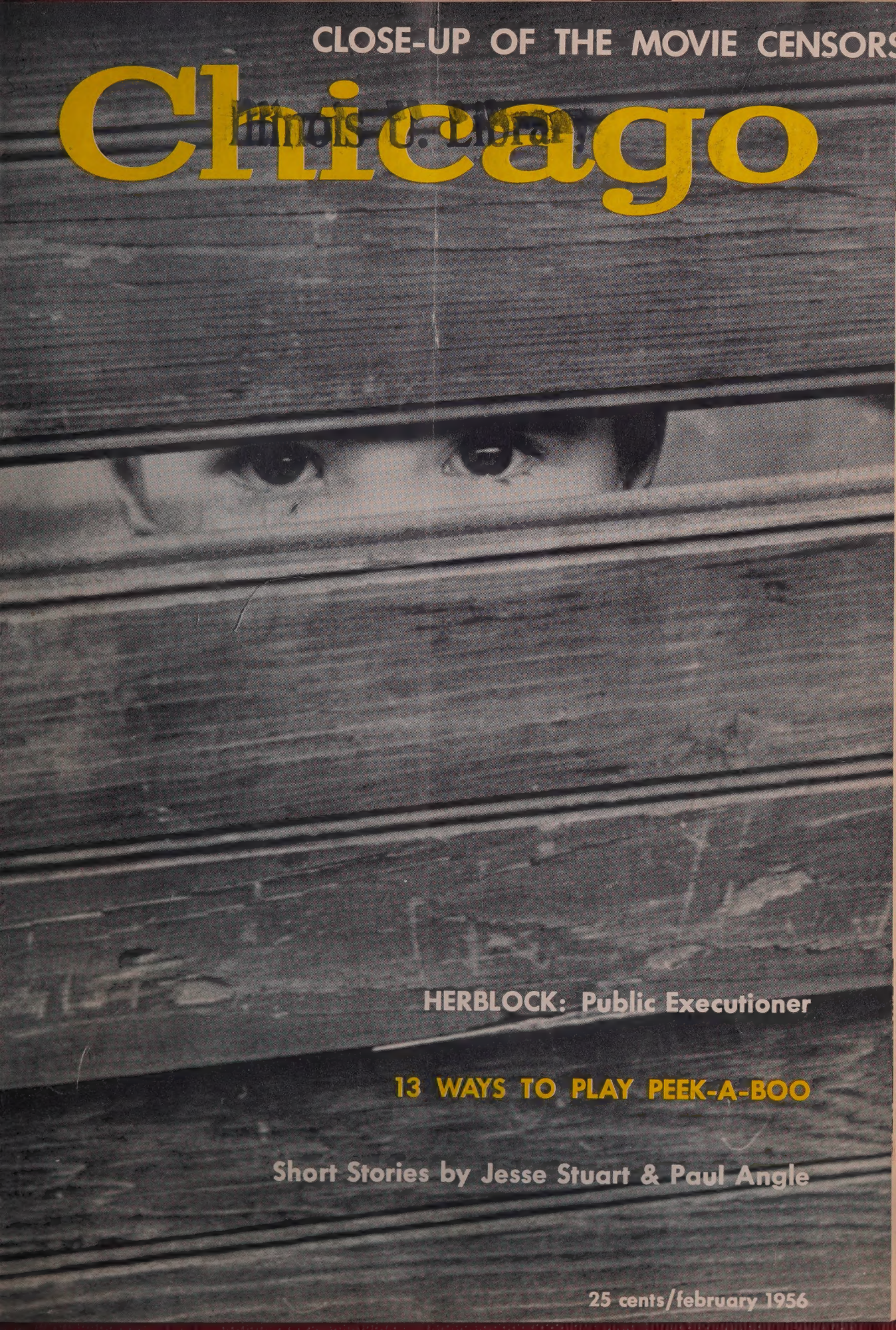

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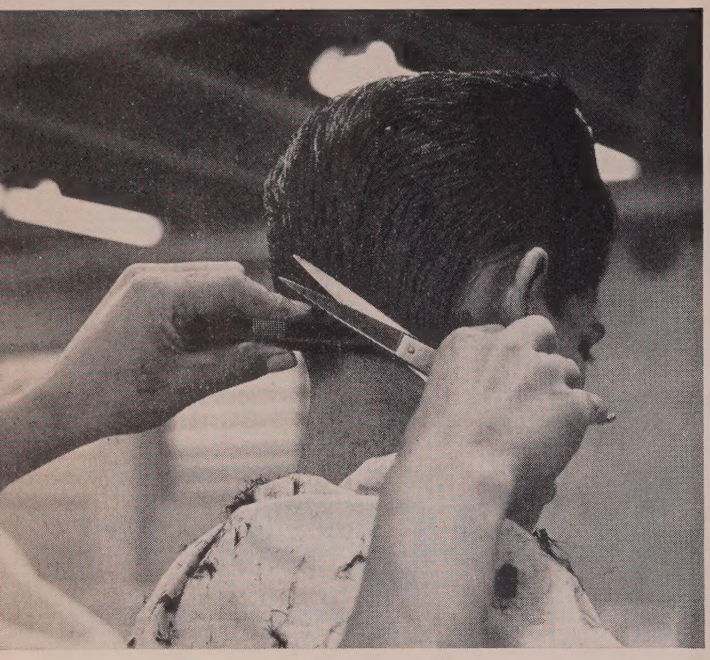


Assault with intent to kill

photographs by Don Bronstein

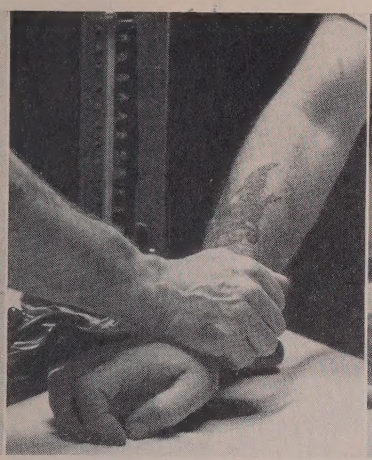
Hands in the Bridewell

You can't tell a criminal by his face. This the psychologists have reasonably proved. As a double-duty mask of the mind, the face conceals the good as well as the bad which is in all men. Then how about the hands, which are not the reflectors but the chief performers of men's deeds? Next to the face, the hands are the most expressive part of the human animal, that part most employed as the dramatic symbol of the whole. Don Bronstein and his camera, in philosophic search, went to the city jail at 28th and California. (Officially, the House of Correction; informally, the Bridewell, a name it borrows from a British prison for petty criminals). There, committers of moderately serious crimes spend their days doing things with their hands which society classifies as "good." As these pictures suggest, you can't tell a criminal by his hands, either.

Contributing to the delinquency of a minor

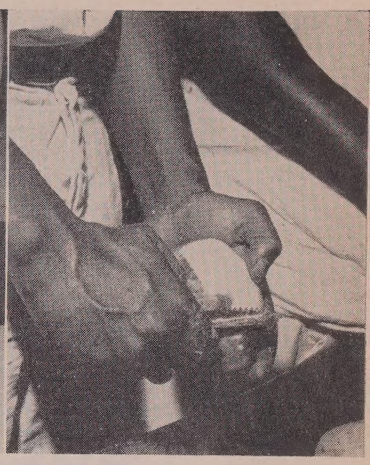
Embezzlement

Left, armed robbery; right, confidence game



Armed robbery

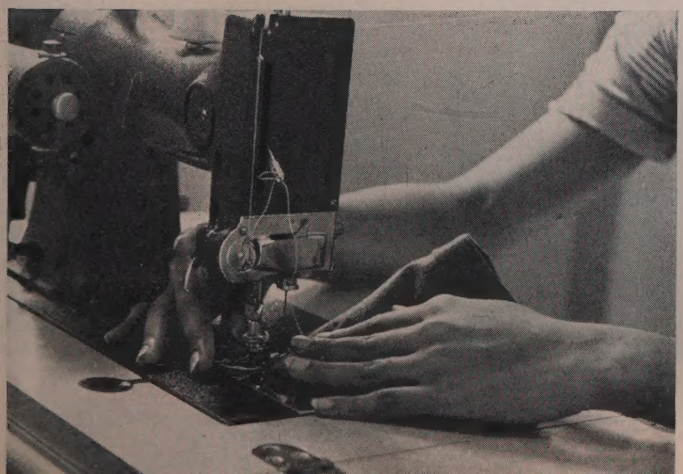
Burglary



Possessing and peddling narcotics (17 years old)

Auto theft

Prostitution



WHAT GOES ON HERE

listings of local events, with emphasis on entertainment

THEATER

Inherit the Wind, Blackstone, 60 e. Balbo (CE 6-8240). Based on the Scopes trial, with characterizations of William Jennings Bryan and Clarence Darrow, the show arrives on Feb. 8. Cast and performance times to be announced.

Plain and Fancy, Great Northern, 26 w. Jackson (CE 6-8240). The paradox in the title of this musical results from its major characters: Amish folk from Pennsylvania who sing and dance. Nightly, 8:30; mat. Sat., 2:30.

Pajama Game, Shubert, 22 w. Monroe (CE 6-8240). A hearty musical about girl and union troubles in a midwestern pajama factory. Nightly except Sun., 8:30; mat. Wed. & Sat., 2:30.

Teahouse of the August Moon, Erlanger, 127 n. Clark (ST 2-2459). Hugh Reilly now joins the cast of this John Patrick comedy about the Americanization of Okinawa. Burgess Meredith stars. Nightly except Sun., 8:30; mat. Wed. & Sat.

Cinerama Holiday, Eitel's Palace, 159 w. Randolph (AN 3-0055). The wide-screened three-eyed camera medium has become a firmly entrenched institution with its own parking lot. Nightly, Sun.-Thu., 8:30; Fri., 7 & 10; Sat., 7:30 & 10:30. Mat., Mon., Thu. & Sat., 2:30; Fri., 1; Sun. 2 & 5.

university

Northwestern university, Speech building, Evanston campus (UN 4-1907). Sophocles' "Oedipus at Colonus," Feb. 3, 4, 5 & 10, 11, 12. "Thieves' Carnival" by Jean Anouilh, Feb. 24, 25, 26 & March 2, 3 & 4. 8:30 p.m.

Loyola university, Loyola Community theater, Glenwood and Loyola (BR 4-3000). Anouilh's "Antigone," Feb. 9, 10 & 11. 8:30 p.m.

University of Chicago, Mandel hall, 57th and University (MI 3-0800). "Mandragola," a comedy by Machiavelli, Feb. 17, 18 & 19. 8:30 p.m.

MUSIC

Chicago Symphony orchestra, Orchestra hall, 220 s. Michigan (HA 7-0363). Thu. & Sat., 8:15 p.m.; Tue. & Fri., 2 p.m. Fritz Reiner, cond. **Feb.: 2** (Thu.) & **3** (Fri.), Bruno Walter, guest cond.; Manfred Overture and Symphony No. 4, Schumann; Variations on a theme by Hayden and Symphony No. 3, Brahms. **9** (Thu.) & **10** (Fri.), Karl Bohm, guest cond.; Symphony No. 34 in C, K.338, Mozart; "Don Juan," Richard Strauss; Symphony No. 1, Brahms. **11** (Sat.), George Schick, guest cond.; an all-Gershwin concert, guest piano soloist to be announced; **14** (Tue.), Karl Bohm, guest cond.; Town Piper Music, Mohaupt; "Til Eulenspiegel," Richard Strauss; Symphony No. 1, Brahms. **16** (Thu). & **17** (Fri.), Karl Bohm, guest cond.; Symphony No. 5, Schubert; Symphony No. 7, Bruckner. **18** (Sat.), John Weicher, guest cond.; Latin School night at the Symphony, program to be announced. **23** (Thu.) & **24** (Fri.), Reiner, cond.; "Symphonie Concertante," Mozart; "Sinfonia Domestica," Richard Strauss. **28** (Tue.), Reiner, cond., program to be announced. All programs subject to change.

Allied Arts concerts, Orchestra hall (FR 2-0566). Unsubscribed series tickets on general sale three weeks before concerts. **Feb.: 4,** 8:30 p.m. & **5,** 3:30 p.m., Vienna Choir Boys; **12,** 3:30 p.m., Moura Lympany, piano; **19,** 3:30 p.m., Walter Gieseking, piano; **21,** 8:30 p.m., I Musici; **25,** 8:30 p.m. Nathan Milstein, violin; **26,** 3:30 p.m., Jussi

Bjoerling, tenor.

Budapest String quartet. Feb.: 24, 8:30 p.m., Mandel hall, University of Chicago, 57th and University (MI 3-0800); **28,** 8:15 p.m., Lutkin hall, Northwestern university, University place and Orrington, Evanston (UN 4-1907).

Jeanne Bamberger, piano, Mandel hall, 57th and University (MI 3-0800). Feb. 3, 8:30 p.m.

Chamber Music society, Dorothy Lane, harpsichord, assisting, Lutkin hall, University place and Orrington, Evanston (UN 4-1907). Feb. 14, 8:15 p.m.

Faculty Chamber Music society, Recital hall, Roosevelt university, 430 s. Michigan (WA 2-3580). Feb. 22, 12:40 p.m.

Helqueras, cello, Recital hall, Roosevelt university, 430 s. Michigan (WA 2-3580). Feb. 8, 12:40 p.m.

Hillel Chamber Music group, Hillel foundation, 5715 s. Woodlawn (PL 2-1127). Feb. 12, 8 p.m.

Janice Harbison, piano, Fullerton hall, Art Institute, Michigan at Adams (HA 7-7595). Feb. 7, 8:20 p.m.

Paul Harelson, piano, Fullerton hall (HA 7-7595). Feb. 10, 8:20 p.m.

Myra Hess, piano, Orchestra hall, 220 s. Michigan (HA 7-7595). Feb. 13, 8:20 p.m.

Rudolph Ganz, piano and **Rudolph Nashan, trumpet,** Chicago Artists for Chamber Music, Arts Club, 109 e. Ontario (SU 7-3997). Feb. 28, 11:30 a.m.

Lyon-Healy Young Artists recital series, Lyon-Healy Concert hall, 64 e. Jackson (WA 2-7900). **Feb.: 6,** Florida Thomas, contralto, Mattie Tucker, piano; **13,** Rosalie Bent, cello, Barbara Rein, piano; **20,** Styrk Orwoll, baritone, Mary Morrison, piano; **27,** Merrylee Schuessler, soprano, Athena Frangos, piano. 8 p.m.

Marais and Miranda, folk singers, Fullerton hall, Art Institute, Michigan at Adams (CE 6-7080). Feb. 20, 22 and 27, 8:30 p.m.

Collegiate Sinfonietta, Dieter Kober, cond., Fullerton hall, Art Institute, Michigan at Adams (CE 6-7080). Feb. 26, 8 p.m.

Roosevelt university Sinfonietta, Recital hall, Roosevelt university, 430 s. Michigan (WA 2-3580). Feb. 17, 8:15 p.m.

Roosevelt university Symphony, Recital hall, 430 s. Michigan (WA 2-3580). Feb. 10, 8:15 p.m.

University Chamber orchestra, Lutkin hall, Northwestern university, University and Orrington, Evanston (UN 4-1907). Feb. 7, 8:15 p.m.

University Chamber singers, Lutkin hall (UN 4-1907). Feb. 26, 4 p.m.

University Concert band, Cahn auditorium, Northwestern university, Emerson and Sheridan, Evanston (UN 4-1907). Feb. 12, 4 p.m.

Dudley Powers, violoncello, Lutkin hall (UN 4-1907). Feb. 19, 4 p.m.

Martha Schlamme, Mandel hall, University of Chicago, 57th and University. Tickets available, Reynolds club (MI 3-0800). Feb. 4, 8 p.m.

Marshall Scott, baritone, and **Clara LeFere Konig, soprano,** Fullerton hall, Art Institute, Michigan at Adams (HA 7-7595). Feb. 4, 8:20 p.m.

Trio Di Bolzana, Mandel hall, University of Chicago, 57th and University (MI 3-0800). Feb. 10, 8:30 p.m.

Alexander Veeta, piano, and **Thelma Wade Brown, soprano,** Recital hall, Roosevelt university, 730 s. Michigan (WA 2-3580). Feb. 29, 8:15 p.m.

Ernest White, organ, Lutkin hall, Northwestern university, University and Orrington, Evanston (UN 4-1907). Feb. 6, 8:15 p.m.

DANCE

Ballet theater, Opera house, 20 n. Wacker (FI 6-0270). Nora Kaye, John Kriza, Ruth Ann Koesun, Eric Braun, Rosella Hightower. Feb. 24 thru March 3. Nightly, 8:30 p.m.; mat. Feb. 25 & 26, March 3, 2:30 p.m. No performance Feb. 27.

Yugoslav National Folk ballet, Opera house (FR 2-0566). Feb. 4, 8:30 p.m., Feb. 5, 3:30 p.m.

Hopitu Indians, 8th street theater, 741 s. Wabash (HA 7-7597). Feb. 10, 8:20 p.m.

Orchesis Modern Dance review, Cahn auditorium, Northwestern university, Emerson and Sheridan, Evanston (UN 4-1907). Feb. 9, 8 p.m.

SPECIAL EVENTS

Annual Azalea and Camellia show, Lincoln park (Fullerton and Stockton) and Garfield park (300 n. Central Park) conservatories (HA 7-5252). 9 a.m. to 9 p.m. Free.

Birdland Jazz Stars of 1955, Opera house, 20 n. Wacker (FI 6-0270). Feb. 18, two performances, 7 and 10 p.m.

Int'l Sports and Outdoor show, Int'l amphitheater, 43rd & Halsted (YA 7-5580). Feb. 17 thru 26, 1 to 11:30 p.m. Annual show for sports enthusiasts with exhibits of sporting goods and equipment.

Int'l Exhibition of Nature Photography, Natural History museum, Field and Lake Shore drs. (WA 2-9410). Thru Feb., Stanley Field hall. Eleventh annual exhibit. Projection of accepted color slides on Feb. 12 and 19 at 2:30 p.m.

Golden Gloves, North Side trials, St. Andrew's gymnasium, 3546 n. Paulina, Feb. 13, 14 and 16. South Side trials, St. Rita's gymnasium, 6243 s. Fairfield, Feb. 6, 7 and 8. City finals, St. Andrew's gymnasium, Feb. 21. Tournament of Champions, Chicago stadium, Feb. 27, 28 and 29. Starting time of bouts to be announced. Annual amateur boxing competition sponsored by Chicago Tribune Charities, Inc.

National Boat show, Int'l amphitheater, Feb. 3 thru 12, 1 to 11:30 p.m. 23rd annual Chicago boating show with displays of boats and boating equipment. Stage show nightly, performance times to be announced.

ART EXHIBITS

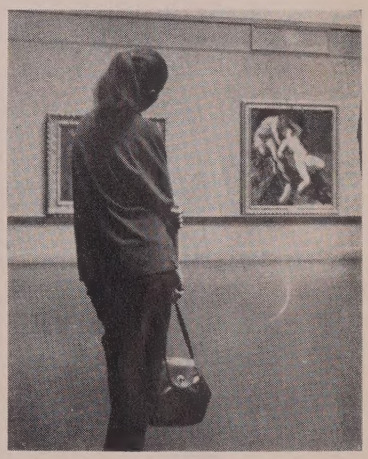
Art Institute, Michigan at Adams (CE 6-7080). Thru Feb. 15, drawings, paintings, prints and posters by **Toulouse-Lautrec,** east wing galleries. Thru Feb., aerial perspective photographs by **William Garnett,** gallery 5, main floor. Thru Feb. 29, exhibition of recent works by **Rico Lebrun,** gallery of art interpretation. Thru Feb. 29, selections from the Curt Valentin bequest to the institute, including drawings and prints by **Klee, Braque, Miro, Matisse, Picasso, Moore, Sutherland, Kirchner** and **Ensor,** galleries 13 and 16. Etchings and lithographs by **Matisse, Chagall, Rouault** and others, from the collecton of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph R. Shapiro, gallery 11.

Exhibition of award winners of the Artists Guild show: **Luther Johnson, Edward Kelly, Les Lantz, Franklin McMann, Everett McNear** and **Taylor Poore.** Beginning Feb. 24, Charles Feingarten gallery, 58 e. Walton (MO 4-0917). Daily, 10 a.m. to 6 p.m.

Paintings, water colors and sculpture by various Chicago artists, including work by **Alice Mason, Francis Foy, Robert Baily** and **Helen Weinberg.** Cromer and Quint galleries, 615 n. State (DE 7-5636). Mon.-Sat., 9 a.m. to 5:30 p.m.

Bob Cooley, paintings and prints. Chess house, 111 e. Oak (DE 7-2466). Mon.-Thu., 11:30 a.m. to midnight; Fri. & Sat., until 1 a.m.

Exhibition of **Les Fauves,** thru Feb. 15;



sculpture by Fritz Wotruba, from Feb. 21. The Arts Club of Chicago, 109 e. Ontario (SU 7-3997). Mon.-Sat., 9:30 a.m. to 5:30 p.m.

Fifty Chicago artists in self-portraits. Mandel Brothers galleries, 1 n. State, 8th floor (ST 2-1500, ext. 892). Mon. & Thu., 9:15 a.m. to 8:30 p.m., other days, 9:15 a.m. to 5:45 p.m. Closed Sun.

Marie Zoe Greene, collages, sculpture by **Raymond Fink;** old American musical instruments lent by **Elizabeth A. Kidd;** photographic studies by **Madeline Tourtelot.** Feb. 2 thru 28. Chicago Public library, Michigan at Randolph (CE 6-5821). Mon.-Fri., 9 a.m. to 7 p.m.; Sat., 9 a.m. to 5:30 p.m.

Exhibition of paintings by **Leon Golub** and recent sculpture by **Jeremy Anderson.** Allan Frumkin gallery, 152 e. Superior (SU 7-0564). Mon.-Sat., 11 a.m. to 6 p.m.

Riccardo restaurant and gallery, 437 n. Rush (SU 7-2874). Main floor, sculpture by **David Brooks.** North room: paintings by **Peg Roth Haag.** Padded cell: photographs by **Robert McCullough.** Week-days, 11:30 a.m. to 2 a.m.; Sat. until 3 a.m.; Sun., 5:30 p.m. to 2 a.m.

Louis Kaep, an exhibition of water colors of New England and the Atlantic seacoast. Chicago galleries association, 30 s. Michigan, 2nd floor (CE 6-9646). Mon.-Fri., 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.; Sat., 9 a.m. to 4 p.m.

Paintings by artists from the Midwest, including **Robert Grilley, Lester Schwartz, Rudolph Pen, Margo Hoff, William Schwartz, Lucille Leighton, Van Zandt, Atsushi Kik-**

THE DEAD SEA SCROLLS

The discovery of the Dead Sea Scrolls in 1947 has been called "the greatest discovery of its kind since the Greek and Latin classics were unearthed in the Renaissance." In three lectures scholars will report on the implications of this historical find.

Discovery and Destiny, *Frank M. Cross, Jr., Professor of Old Testament, McCormick Theological Seminary, February 7*

The Scrolls and Biblical Text, *Walter Harrelson, Dean, Divinity School, The University of Chicago, February 21*

The Dead Sea Scrolls: The Essenes and Christianity, *Ralph Marcus, Professor of Hellenistic Studies, The University of Chicago, March 6*

Three Tuesdays evenings, beginning February 7, 7:30-9 P.M., at 19 S. La Salle St. Series $4; single admission $1.50.

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uchi and **Paul Riba.** Frank J. Oehlschlaeger gallery, 107 e. Oak (SU 7-6779). Mon.-Sat., 10 a.m. to 6 p.m. Evenings by appointment. Ceramics by **Charles Parisi** and **Harry Jarvis.** Benedict gallery, Hull House, 800 s. Halsted (MO 6-6005). Mon.-Fri., 9 a.m. to 7 p.m.; Sat.-Sun., 6 p.m. to 10 p.m.

The graphic art of **Imre Reiner.** Thru Feb. 11, Normandy house gallery, sponsored by the Society of Typographic Arts, 800 n. Michigan (MI 2-3141). Daily, 11 a.m. to 10 p.m.

Iver Rose, paintings. Marshall Field galleries, 2nd floor, s. Wabash room, 111 n. State (ST 1-1000 ext. 2213).

Photographs by **Art Sinsabaugh.** Segno galleries, 821 Chestnut court, Winnetka (WI 6-3736). Daily, 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. Thurs. until 9 p.m.

Egon Weiner, sculpture. From Feb. 17, Palmer house galleries, Shop 301, 119 s. State (FR 2-0790). Mon.-Sat., 10 a.m. to 6 p.m.

LECTURES

American Youth hostels, Roosevelt university, room 785, 430 s. Michigan (WA 2-6667). "High Powder" and "Holiday in Snow," color films with narration on skiing in the Canadian Rockies and Laurentian mountains. Feb. 21, 7:45 p.m.

Art Institute, Fullerton hall, Michigan at Adams (CE 6-7080). **Art Through Travel:** "Adventure in India," Feb. 5 and 12; "South American Adventure," Feb. 19 and 26. Dr. Dudley Crafts Watson, 2:30 and 4 p.m.

Chicago Public library, Michigan and Adams (CE 6-5821). **Noon hour series:** "Ladies of the Press." Newspaper women from the four dailies discuss their fields. Feb. 2, 9, 16 and 23, 12:15 p.m. Free.

College of Complexes, 862 n. State, (WH 4-9028). Feb. 3, "Why Tell Funny Stories?" Judge Jacob M. Braude; Feb. 17, "How to Write Stuff That Sells," Mark Benny.

Evanston Art center, 800 Greenwood, Evanston (GR 5-5310). "South Sea Saga," travelogue with narration by Norma Lee Browning and Russell Ogg. Feb. 5, 8 p.m.

Northwestern university, (UN 4-1907). **Solomon Goldman series:** Abba Eban, Israeli ambassador to U.S. Cahn auditorium, Emerson and Sheridan, Evanston. Feb. 14, 8 p.m. Free. **Dunninger,** in a program-lecture, Cahn auditorium. Feb. 29, 8 p.m. Free.

Roosevelt university, 430 s. Michigan (WA 2-3580). **Discussion in the Round series:** "Is the Press Really Serving Chicago?" with Kenneth Adler and Dr. Ludwig Freund. Feb. 8, 8 p.m.

Sinai Temple forum, Sinai Temple, 5350 South Shore drive (BU 8-1600). "Four Great Books of the Year," Dr. Solomon B. Freehof. Feb. 7, 8:15 p.m.

University of Chicago, (MI 3-0800). **Hiram W. Thomas series:** "The Future of Religion," Hendrik Kraemer. Feb. 20, 21, 22, 23 & 24, Social Science Research building, 1126 e. 59th. 3:30 p.m. Free. **Chemistry department lecture series:** "Chemistry in Industry," Feb. 2, R. W. McNamee; Feb. 9, W. L. Semon; Feb. 21, N. B. Tucker; Feb. 28, F. W. Stavely. Kent Chemical laboratory, 1020 e. 58th. 8 p.m. Free.

TELEVISION

extravaganzas

Maurice Evans Presents (3 p.m. Sun. Feb. 5, ch. 5). Julie Harris in Ferenc Molnar's comedy, "The Good Fairy." In color.

Academy Awards (8 p.m. Sat. Feb. 18, ch. 5). Hollywood's nominations for top annual awards with movieland fanfare.

Star Jubilee (8:30 p.m. Sat. Feb. 11, ch. 2). 90-minute, high-level presentations. In color.

Max Liebman Presents (6:30 p.m. Sun. Feb. 26, ch. 5). Imogene Coca in a long satire of the television industry. In color.

drama

Best hour-long plays: **Alcoa-Goodyear Playhouse** (8 p.m. Sun., ch. 5), **Robert Montgomery Presents** (8:30 p.m. Mon., ch. 5), **Studio One** (9 p.m. Mon., ch. 2), **Playwrights 56-Circle Theater** (8:30 p.m. Tue., ch. 5), **Kraft theater** (8 p.m. Wed. ch., 5), **Steel Hour-20th Century-Fox Hour** (9 p.m. Wed., ch. 2), **Front Row Center** (3 p.m. Sun., ch. 2).

comedy-variety-music

Opera theater (3 p.m. Sun. Feb. 26, ch. 5). World premiere of an American opera, based on Balzac's story "La Grande Breteche," by the Menotti pupil, Stanley Hollingsworth.

Omnibus (4 p.m. Sun., ch. 2). The queen of the adult culture programs.

Zoo Parade (2:30 p.m. Sun., ch. 5). The Perkins safari films: Feb. 12, "Port Elizabeth Snake Farm," and Feb. 19, "Ostrich Farm at Oudtshoorn." In color.

Ed Sullivan Show (7 p.m. Sun., ch. 2). Best in variety.

Disneyland (6:30 p.m. Wed. ch. 7). Disney re-creates old legends and dreams up new ones.

Chicago Symphony (8 p.m. Wed., ch. 9). Great music.

Jack Benny show (6:30 p.m. alternate Sundays, ch. 2). The king of comedy.

George Gobel show (9 p.m. Sat., ch. 5). The prince of satire.

Fifth Army Show (7 p.m. alternate Sats., ch. 9). Music-variety show, featuring 5th Army district personnel.

news-documentary

Wide Wide World (3 p.m. Sun. Feb. 12, 19, ch. 5). Live remotes from three countries and Puerto Rico, usually with a common theme: Feb. 12, on Abe Lincoln.

Medical Horizons (8:30 p.m. Mon., ch. 7). Remote pickups from adventure centers of medicine.

Person to Person (9 p.m. Fri., ch. 2). Ed Murrow reveals the renowned as people, after all.

Reviewing Stand (7 p.m. alternate Sats., ch. 9). Discussion program with authorities in charge of their respective fields.

for kids

Captain Kangaroo (8 a.m. week days, ch. 2). 28-year-old Bob Keeshan becomes the wonderful old gentleman in the Treasure House. Age: 2 to 8.

Mickey Mouse Club (5 p.m. week days, ch. 7). Cartoons and cavorting for kids. Age: 3 to 13.

Mr. Wizard (10:30 a.m. Sat., ch. 5). Don Herbert treats the young to a scientific look at the old world. Age: 8 to 14.
Talkaround (2 p.m. Sun., ch. 2). Parents and youngsters discover each other by putting ideas into words.
Romper Room (11 a.m. week-days, ch. 9). Rosemary Rapp conducts video kindergarten.
Lunchtime Little Theater (12 noon week-days, ch. 9). Appropriate material from Uncle Bucky & Uncle Dan.

sports

Basketball (8 p.m. Mon., ch. 7). Feb. 6, Indiana-Illinois; Feb. 13, Ohio State-Northwestern; Feb. 20, Purdue-Illinois, and Feb. 27, Minnesota-Illinois.
Big Ten Basketball (2 p.m. Sat., ch. 2). Feb. 4, Indiana-Ohio State; Feb. 11, Ohio State-Illinois; Feb. 18, Illinois-Michigan State, and Feb. 25, Indiana-Northwestern.

channel 11

Totem Club (4:30 p.m. week-days). Variety fare for youngsters, with Don Clayton.
Friendly Giant (6:30 p.m. M-W-F). A big, easygoing fellow puts the very small to bed.
People Who Posed (9:30 p.m. Tue.). The stories behind great art.
Camera Club (8 p.m. Wed.). Tips for fans, with Al Levy.
The Humanities (9:30 p.m. Thu.). Lessons in music, art, literature.
Eins Zwei Drei (7:30 p.m. Fri.). Elementary course in German.
Introduction to Philosophy (8 p.m. Fri.). Course for credit.
Searchlights on Delinquency (9:30 p.m. Fri.). Authorities analyze motivations and solutions.

SPORTS

college basketball

De Paul, De Paul univ. gymnasium, 2219 Sheffield (DI 8-4340). **Feb.: 4,** Brandeis (Chicago stadium); **14,** Manchester; **18,** Kentucky (Chicago stadium); **21,** Lewis; **25,** Notre Dame (Chicago stadium). 8 p.m.
Loyola, Feb.: 4; Notre Dame (Chicago stadium); **18,** Miami of Ohio (Chicago stadium); **25,** Marquette (Chicago stadium). 8 p.m.
Northwestern, McGaw fieldhouse, Central st., Evanston (UN 4-1900). **Feb.: 4,** Wisconsin; **11,** Iowa; **13,** Ohio State; **25,** Indiana. 8 p.m.

pro hockey

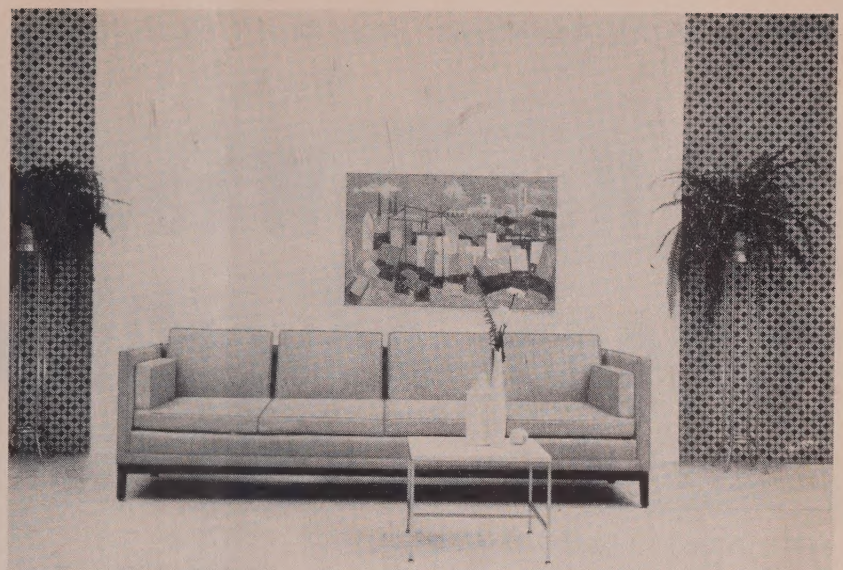
Black Hawks, Chicago stadium, 1800 Madison (SE 3-5300). **Feb.: 5,** Toronto; **10,** Montreal; **12,** Toronto; **17,** Boston; **19,** Detroit; **24,** Toronto; **26,** Boston. 8:30 p.m.

indoor polo

Indoor Polo league, Chicago avenue armory, 232 e. Chicago (ST 2-2919). Doubleheaders are played every Saturday, beginning at 8:30 p.m.

ski trips

American Youth hostels, 431 s. Wabash (WA 2-6667). **Feb.: 4-5,** Boyne mt., Michi-



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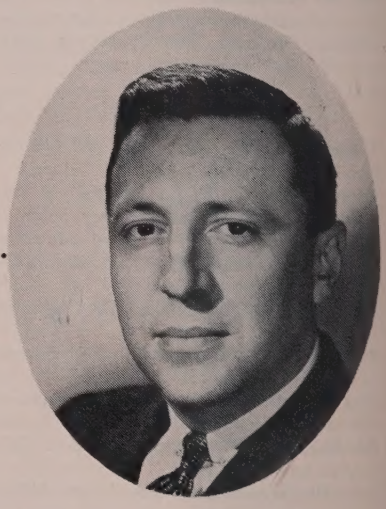

LARRY MACK
PRESIDENT
SLENDERELLA INTERNATIONAL

Mr Mack, at 37, heads the largest system of reducing salons for women in the world. Recently he stopped at the Ambassador East long enough to announce the opening of another Slenderella salon — the 8th in this area. During his stay, Mr. Mack chatted with one of CHICAGO's editors, and said a number of things Editors like to hear. (He reads CHICAGO regularly every month). More important, he said a number of things Advertisers like to hear. We've quoted one of them above. Here's another:

"There'll be a Slenderella ad in every issue of **Chicago** *as long as you publish. It's that profitable to us."*

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Consult your Advertising Agency or telephone our Sales Department:

MIchigan 2-6570 **Chicago** *Magazine 858 N. LaSalle St., Chicago 10*

gan; **11-12,** Mt. Telemark, Wisconsin; **18-19,** Porcupine mt., Michigan; **25-26,** Rice Lake, Wisconsin. Trips are by chartered bus. When nearby ski areas have snow, day, and possibly overnight trips, by car will be planned on short notice.

Northwestern railroad, (DE 2-2121 ext. 221). **Feb.: 3-5,** Mt. Telemark, Wisconsin; **10,** Pine mt., Michigan; **10-12,** Mt. Telemark, Wisconsin; **10-14,** Sheltered Valley, Wisconsin; **17,** Pine mt.; **17-19,** Mt. Telemark; **24,** Sheltered valley and Pine mt.; **24-26,** Mt. Telemark.

Soo line railroad, (AN 3-5940). **Feb.: 3-5, 10-12, 17-19, 24-26,** Mt. Telemark, Wisconsin.

Milwaukee railroad (CE 6-7600 ext. 528). Every Friday night thru February trains leave for Rib mt., Wausau, Wisconsin; Ripley hill, Houghton, Michigan; Pine mt., Iron mt., Michigan.

tobogganing

Toboggan slides are maintained by the Forest Preserve (CO 1-8400) at **Swallow Cliff winter sports area,** Rts. 83 and 45; **Caldwell woods,** Devon and Milwaukee; **Dan Ryan woods,** 87th and Western. Slides are open 10 a.m. to 10 p.m. **Palos Park,** Calumet area. Slide built on a slope that was Lake Chicago's south bank some 17,000 years ago.

FOR THE CHILDREN

theater

Goodman Memorial Children's theater, Monroe at Columbus dr. (CE 6-2237). Through Feb. 19, "The Three Bears." Opening Feb. 25, "King of the Golden River." Every Sat., 2:30 p.m., Sun., 3 p.m.

Children's Theater of Evanston, Haven School, Prairie at Lincoln, Evanston (UN 4-3734), "The Sandalwood Box," Geraldine Brain Siks' adaptation of Washington Irving's "The Legend of the Moor's Legacy." For elementary and intermediate school children. Feb. 18 (10 a.m. & 2:30 p.m.), 24 (3 p.m.) and 25 (10 a.m. & 2:30 p.m.).

music

Chicago Symphony orchestra, Orchestra hall, 220 s. Michigan (HA 7-0362). **Young Peoples' concerts,** Tues., 3 p.m., George Schick, cond. Feb. **7,** (series A) & **21** (series B), Theme: "Musical Moods," with fourteen-year-old Lynn Turner, harpist, as soloist and works by Schumann, Weber, Handel, Adams, Johann Strauss, Martinu, Verdi, Schubert, Gounod, Wagner and De Falla.

Marais and Miranda, Fullerton hall, Art Institute, Michigan at Adams (CE 6-7080). A special children's matinee of folk songs, Feb. 25, 3 p.m.

museums

Chicago Historical society, Clark & North (MI 2-4600). Slide-talk, film and object demonstration programs on Chicago and American history. **Museum mornings,** Sat., 10 a.m., **Feb. 4, 11, 18 & 25,** "Illinois, Land of Lincoln," with color film and cartoon. **Week Day assemblies,** Wed., 10 a.m., for teachers with classes, **Feb. 8 & 15,** "Lincoln and the Civil War," with color film, "Illinois, Land of Lincoln." **Feb. 29,** "George Washington's Virginia," with two color films, "Old Vir-

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MURALS
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ginia" and "Robert E. Lee, A Background Study."

Natural History museum, Roosevelt rd. & Lake Shore dr. (WA 2-9410). Saturday mornings the museum will hold programs for Intermediate Girl Scouts working for nature proficiency badges. Each program will include an illustrated discussion, browsing among marked cases and the help of a museum staff member. Sat., 10:30 a.m. Junior birdwatchers can find all the winter birds of this area, stuffed, in the museum exhibit "Birds in your Garden," along with types of birdhouses, methods of attracting birds and methods of winter feeding. For children who go south in the winter, the museum exhibit "Hall of Plant Life" shows realistic models of exotic tropical vegetation.

libraries

Chicago Public library, Randolph & Michigan (CE 6-5821). **The Children's Hour,** one-hour weekly programs exploring the world through films, recordings, story-telling and the imagination. Sat., 2:15 p.m. Free tickets are available one week in advance in the Thomas Hughes room.

Branch libraries hold story hours weekly for children. Special service for children confined to bed for long periods: a ceiling projector, available from the Central library, which projects books (on film) to wall or ceiling for easy reading from a reclining position.

parks

golf schools

Golf schools for beginners are held in February in several city parks. The hour-long, weekly classes are taught by Packy Walsh. Beginners need bring only one club. For locations, times and additional information, call (HA 7-5252).

swimming

Park District indoor, swimming-club, championship meets continue through February. **Feb.: 4,** 2 p.m. at Austin park, 5610 w. Lake; **18,** Independence park, 3945 n. Springfield. Competition includes back, breast and free stroke in seven classifications: Boys—midget, 11 and under; jr., 12-13; intermed., 14-15; sr., 16 and over. Girls—midget, 12 and under; jr., 13-14; sr., 15 and over.

ice skating

There are 116 Chicago parks with ice skating ponds and rinks. The majority have warming sheds and lights for night skating. Additional information at (HA 7-5252). In the suburbs there are rinks at **Evanston:** tennis courts at McDaniel and Central streets (GR 5-3100); **Glencoe:** North Rink park, 1000 Greenbay rd. and South School Playground park, Linden and Harbor sts. (VE 5-1750); **Glenview:** Roosevelt park, Spruce and Prairie (GL 4-4200); **Skokie:** Central school, Harper school and Village park, Brummel at Skokie Valley tracks, Lorel park, Kenney and Lockwood, Oakton park, Kenton and Oakton; **Wilmette:** Central school, Harper school and Village Green (Wilmette 6505); **Winnetka:** Hubbard Woods Station park, 939 Linden, Indian Hill Station park, Winnetka ave., Skokie playfield, 1300 Elm (WI 6-2160).

NIGHT LIFE

Black Orchid, 101 e. Ontario (MO 4-6666). Dr. Arthur Allen, hypnotist, returns in February. 11 a.m. to 4 a.m.; shows from 9:30. Lunch $.95-$2.50; dinner $2.95-$6.50.

Blue Angel, 801 Rush (SU 7-5060). "All Calypso Revue," thru February, imports the talents of the Mighty Panther, Princess Dark Rum and Roger McCall. 5 p.m. to 4 a.m.; shows 8:30, midnight & 2 a.m. Food a la carte.

Boulevard Room, Conrad Hilton hotel, 720 s. Michigan (WA 2-4400). "Iceorama" continues, with the skating team of Helga Neff and Peter Voss, comedians Jerry Bergman and Mimi, solo skaters Shirley Linde and Michael Meehan, juggler Boy Foy, who rides a unicycle. Open from 6:30 a.m.; shows 8:30 & midnight; Sun. mat., 4 p.m. Dinner from $3.25. $2 cover.

The Buttery, Ambassador West hotel, State & Goethe (SU 7-7200.) Quiet and elegant for 17 years, with dancing to Ralph Rotger's Latin-American rhythms. Noon to 2 a.m.; dancing from 9. Flaming sword dinner $5.50-$9.50; other food a la carte. $3 min. Fri. & Sat.

Camelia house, Drake hotel, Lake Shore & Michigan (SU 7-2200). French cuisine and Jimmy Blade's music. Noon to 3 p.m., 6 p.m. to 1 a.m. Lunch $1.75-$2.50; dinner $5-$6.

Chez Paree, 610 Fairbanks (DE 7-3434). Sam Levenson continues thru Feb. 6, when Marguerite Piazza arrives from the Met. 6 p.m. to 4 a.m.; shows 8:30 & midnight; late shows Fri. & Sat., 2 a.m. Dinner $3.50-$4.75; $5.50 special includes cover and minimum, 7-course dinner, after-dinner liqueur, show, dancing and Jack Eigen.

College Inn Porterhouse, Sherman hotel, Randolph & Clark (FR 2-2100). Dining is western style; music is by Frank York, his fiddle and orchestra. Noon to 1 a.m.; Sat. to 2 a.m. Lunch $1.65-$1.95; dinner $4.50-$6.75.

Compass, at the Dock, 5743 Lake Park (FA 4-2800). Ad lib drama on topical scenarios is done by quick-witted entertainers. Regular shows are followed by improvisations on stories suggested by the audience. Shows at 9:15 Wed. & Thurs., 9:15 & 11:15 Fri. & Sat., 8:15 Sun. Folk singing from 9:15 on Tue. Open until 2 a.m. $1.50 min. Fri. Sat., & Sun. Closed Mon.

Empire room, Palmer house, State & Monroe (RA 6-7500). Comedy by Dick Shawn and songs by gamin Genevieve until Feb. 23, when Hildegarde returns. Music by Charlie Fisk and orchestra with vocals by Lee Charmel. 6 p.m. to 2 a.m.; shows 8:30 & midnight. Dinner from $4, $2 cover.

Glass Hat, Congress hotel, 500 s. Michigan (HA 7-3800). Wayne Muir's "Glass Hatters" play a relentless two-beat for dancing. 5 p.m. to 2 a.m. Dinner from $3.50.

Pump room, Ambassador East hotel, State & Goethe (SU 7-7200). Elegant hang-out for celebrities and celebrity-watchers. David Le Winter's orchestra plays danceable music. Noon to 2 a.m. Flaming sword dinner $5.50-$9.50; other food a la carte. $3.50 min. Fri. & Sat.

Swiss Chalet, Bismarck hotel, 171 Randolph (CE 6-0123). Endre Ocskay's orchestra and an Alpine decor. Noon to 1 a.m. Lunch $1.25-$3; dinner $3.50-$6.

jazz

The Beehive, 1503 e. 55th (PL 2-9606). Roy "Little Jazz" Eldridge holds forth through the first half of the month. Then the Teddy Charles quartet swings in until Feb. 27th. 9 p.m. to 4 a.m. Jam session by local musicians Mon.; closed Tue. $.50 cover.

Blue Note, 3 n. Clark (DE 2-2247). Big jazz in the traditional Chicago emporium. Erroll Garner blows the February piano. 9:30 p.m. to 3:30 a.m.; Sun. mat. 5 to 7 p.m. features soft drinks for teen-agers and an occasional Monitor remote. Closed Mon. & Tue. Food a la carte. $3 min.

Cloister inn, Maryland hotel, 900 Rush (SU 7-4568). February brings in the Pat Moran quartet, a vocal instrumental group who have the pleasure of appearing with Lurlene Hunter. On Mon. and Tues. Dick Marx plays too much piano and Johnny Frigo backs him with an imaginative bass and hilarious jazz violin. 10 p.m. to 4 a.m. No cover or min.

Downbeat Room, 624 s. Michigan (WE 9-5129). Claude Jones on piano here in Feb. Until 4 a.m., 5 a.m. on Sat. Closed Sun. Tue.-Thurs., $1.50 cover, Fri. & Sat., $2.

Jazz Ltd., 11 e. Grand (SU 7-2907). Bill Reinhardt's downstairs place is one of the last Dixieland strongholds. 9 p.m. to 4 a.m. Closed Sun. $2 min.

Key lounge, 1020 Montrose (LO 1-5833). The best in local, Chicago-style jazz will be heard thru February, particularly on Saturday nights until 3 a.m.

London house, 360 n. Michigan (AN 3-6920). Teddy Wilson fills the February bill in this new jazz place that is rapidly winning recognition from people like Garroway. Music from 8:30 p.m. to 3 a.m.; Fri. & Sat. until 3:30 a.m. Steaks and chops are a house specialty, with dinner from $3.75. No cover or min.

Max Miller Scene, 2126 n. Clark (EA 7-8760). Improvisation by the piano-man-proprietor in a small, whimsically decorated room where all drinks are $1. 9 p.m. to 4 a.m. No cover or min.

Offbeat Room, Condes restaurant, 1037 Granville (RO 1-3271). Ken Nordine reads "word jazz," poetry and suspense stories, Bob Gibson sings folk songs and the Fred Kaz trio plays jazz. Tue.-Sat., shows from 9:30. Dinner $2.25. $2 min.

Pershing lounge, Pershing hotel, 6400 s. Cottage Grove (MU 4-6400). The excellent Ahmad Jamal group is back, with Ray Crawford, guitar, Israel Crosby, bass, and Jamal on piano with a whimsical but well-rehearsed style. Wed.-Sun., music from 10 p.m. until 4 a.m. No cover or min.

EATING OUT

Blackhawk Restaurant, 139 n. Wabash (RA 6-2822). Don Roth's prime rib palace has a rolling rib cart, spinning salad bowl and personality waiters. Weekdays, 11 a.m. to 10:30 p.m.; Sat., 1:30 p.m. to 1:30 a.m. Sun., 3:30 to 10 p.m. Dinner $2.50-$5.

Cafe Bonaparte, Sheraton-Blackstone hotel, Michigan at Balbo (HA 7-4300). The kind

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the Matador room

To receive an aesthetic as well as a gustatory experience, THE MATADOR ROOM provides authentic atmosphere and a menu of excellent continental cookery. Fine wine menu.

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Select and brand the aged, prime steak of your choice from the fabulous STEAK THRONE. Custom broiled to your taste. Complete menu of favorite dishes . . . MODERATE PRICES.

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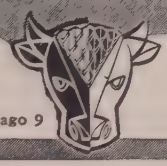

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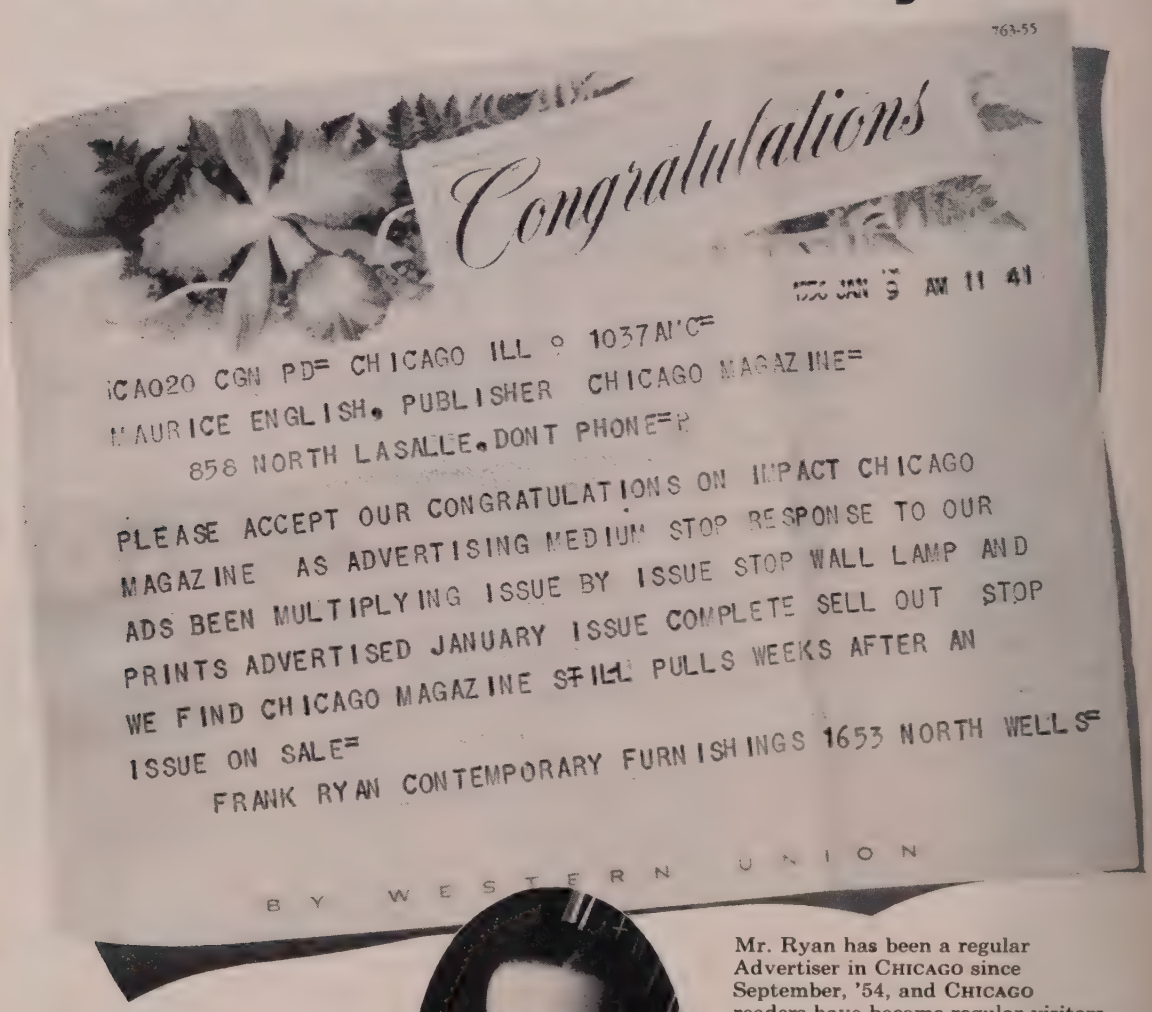
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WE FIND CHICAGO MAGAZINE STILL PULLS WEEKS AFTER AN
ISSUE ON SALE=
FRANK RYAN CONTEMPORARY FURNISHINGS 1653 NORTH WELLS=
BY WESTERN UNION

Mr. Ryan has been a regular Advertiser in CHICAGO since September, '54, and CHICAGO readers have become regular visitors to his store. (See the Ryan ad on p. 11 of this issue).

"I didn't think there were that many people in the city who want to buy prints," added Mr. Ryan when CHICAGO'S sales manager phoned to acknowledge his telegram. "They sold out in three days."

Another pleasant surprise: how far the impact reaches. One couple in his store turned out to be CHICAGO subscribers from Youngstown, Ohio. They arrived with the December issue in hand, and bought enough merchandise by themselves to pay for the Ryan ad in the December issue.

If you, as a local retailer, have to budget your advertising dollar carefully — put it where it reaches customers who are *able* and *eager* to buy the best.

These are the readers of CHICAGO Magazine —

Consult your Advertising Agency, or phone our Sales Department: MIchigan 2—6570

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VOICE *and* VISION *inc.*

Southeast Corner
RUSH ST. & WALTON PL.
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of food that Talleyrand used to talk about at the Congress of Vienna. Noon to 1 a.m. Dinner from $6.

The Cameo, 116 e. Walton (SU 7-1200). Decorative dining where such substantial dishes as roast beef are done to perfection. Noon to 1 a.m. Dinner from $3.50. Closed Sun.

Cafe Bohemia, 138 s. Clinton (AN 3-8310). Bohemian dishes with fresh game in season. 11 a.m. to midnight; closed Sun. & hol. Lunch $1.35-$1.65; dinner $1.75-$4.75.

Coach and Four, U.S. 20, one mile e. of Marengo (Marengo 41-J). A coachhouse restaurant of commendable fare and a women's apparel shop in a pre-Civil war mansion. Daily, 11:30 a.m. to 8 p.m.

Clipper Room, Atlantic hotel, 316 s. Clark (WA 2-2646). Sea food with a sea-around-you atmosphere. Also German dishes. A la carte from $1.55. 11:30 a.m. to 8:30 p.m. Closed Sat. & Sun.

Continental Gourmet, 1508 e. 57 (PL 2-9355). Wonderful hors d'oeuvres table is bolstered by special national dishes in a candle-lit atmosphere. Weekdays except Mon. 4:30 p.m. to 10. Dinner $1.75-$3.75.

Erie Cafe, 658 n. Wells (WH 4-9101). It takes a little longer than usual to broil steaks here, but that's because they're seven inches thick. 7 a.m. to 2 a.m.; closed Sun. Dinner from $2.50.

Fanny's, 1601 Simpson, Evanston (GR 5-8686). Spaghetti, salad dressing and other dishes all live up to their wide-spread fame. Mon.-Sat., 5 to 10 p.m.; Sun., noon to 10 p.m. Dinner $1.75-$4.75.

Fred Harvey's Harlequin Room, Palmolive building, 919 n. Michigan (DE 7-0606). A dark, quiet room for restrained dining. 11:30 a.m. to 9 p.m. Lunch from $1.25; dinner from $2.25.

Ireland's, 632 n. Clark (DE 7-2020). An old-time restaurant devoted exclusively to sea food. Noon to 2 a.m. Dinner $2-$5.

Jacques', 900 n. Michigan (DE 7-9040). Continental foods and choice wines in a lighthearted French atmosphere. 11:30 a.m. to 3 p.m., 5 to 10:30 p.m. Lunch $1.70-$2.60, dinner $3.80-$6.

Red Star Inn, 1528 n. Clark (WH 4-9637) Reputedly the biggest menu in the city, includes a zwiebel fleisch that's better than sauerbraten, even. Open 4 p.m. to midnight. From $1.75.

Riccardo's Restaurant, 437 n. Rush (WH 4-8815). An art gallery compliments the veal scallopine. Open 11:30 a.m. to 2 a.m. Dinner from $2.75.

St. Hubert's grill, 316 Federal (WE 9-8770). Superior food served by red-coated waiters in old English surroundings. Mon.-Sat., noon to midnight; closed Sun. A la carte from $6.

Stock Yard Inn, 42nd & Halsted (YA 7-5580). The Sirloin room specializes in prime beef, but whomps up other dishes on demand. Dinner $3.25-$6.

Sweden House, 157 e. Ohio (SU 7-3350). The best and most delicate of Scandinavian dishes in handsome surroundings. 11:30 a.m. to 2:30 a.m. Lunch from $.75, dinner from $1.75.

Well of the Sea, Sherman hotel, Clark & Randolph (FR 2-2100) A dim room with deep sea menu and decor. Daily, noon to midnight; Sun., 4 to 9 p.m. Lunch $1.60-$2.25; dinner a la carte.

WHAT IS NAPOLEON'S FAVORITE CHICAGO RESTAURANT?

Were Napoleon to visit Chicago today, he would find the cuisine exactly to his taste at the new Cafe Bonaparte of the Sheraton-Blackstone Hotel. For today, the Café Bonaparte proudly serves the dishes perfected and immortalized by the great Carême, the most illustrious chef in the nineteenth century. Here are the culinary masterpieces that brought Carême fame as chef to Napoleon, George IV of England, The Emperor of Russia, Talleyrand and other legendary figures. In the Café Bonaparte, history's most famous *haute cuisine* lives again.

Dancing from 9:30 to the music of Hal Otis.

Café Bonaparte

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"THESE LEMONS HAVE A SPANISH ACCENT," says Executive Chef Gosy of the Sherman Hotel. Grown in Monterrey, Mexico, they have been crossed with a lime to give them an *extra* piquancy that makes them the culinary soulmates of all seafood. They furnish Chef Gosy with the crowning touch for his famous Breast of Red Snapper, a specialty of the Well-of-the-Sea Restaurant, made *only* with the small, succulent filets from just behind the gills. For a meal you'll long remember, come to the Sherman (you can drive right in!) and enjoy Chicago's finest seafood. Hotel Sherman, Randolph, Clark and LaSalle Streets. Franklin 2-2100.

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Just give me a drink
made with
FLEISCHMANN'S BOND"

"And, Sire . . .
Fleischmann's Bond
is 6 YEARS OLD
. . . to make every
drink more delicious
than ever!"

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT
BOURBON WHISKEY
BOTTLED IN BOND . . . 100 PROOF
THE FLEISCHMANN DISTILLING CORP.,
OWENSBORO, KENTUCKY

WEST *of the Water Tower*

QUOTE OF THE MONTH

Policeman John Findley, of the Northwest Side, on quitting the police force rather than spend 25 days at Trumbull Park: "I have a $4,000 automobile which I don't want to ruin traveling that distance."

THE KIM NOVAK WINDOW SILL FAN CLUB

The biggest thing that ever happened in the 2000 block on north Sayre avenue was the recent *Person to Person* television appearance of Miss Marilyn Novak, more widely known as Kim.

The block is a normally quiet one, with a suburban aspect appropriate to its location on the west fringe of the city. It is lined with brick bungalows dating from the late 20s and early 30s. Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Albert Novak live in the one at 2045, which has common brick on the sides, red brick in front, a gable over the door and a little open porch.

The houses on both sides are bayed in front, and have diagonal windows admirably suited to peering at the neighbors. That advantage was being exploited from each direction on the afternoon before the broadcast. A middle-aged woman in a blue house dress peeped solemnly and often out of 2049, while two little girls kept up a constant, rather self-conscious vigil from 2041.

On the Novak property itself were about 25 very unself-conscious youngsters of upper grade school age who flashed from window to window trying to glimpse their goddess. Tripods, cables, lights and boxes of small equipment were distributed haphazardly around the front yard and on the porch. Inside were Miss Novak, her parents, a dozen television people, and a girl press agent from Columbia pictures, who observed that the Girl with the Golden Form was "real upset."

The kids in the yard alternately congregated to make labored jokes and stampeded to whatever window they thought might disclose Miss Novak.

"Let's go to church and get some choir robes," suggested one. "Then they'll come out and say, 'let's look at the carolers'."

Miss Novak became visible through a front window, wearing a red checked wool shirt. Several of the fans ran up close, shouting and urging each other to climb up for a better view. A girl about twelve lifted a spaniel in a tattered green sweater and said," Look at Kim Novak, Butch."

Miss Novak turned toward the window, looked peaked, and then smiled wanly. "She looked at me," one boy claimed.

A newcomer arrived on a bicycle and was told, "You're too late, Eddie. She looked already."

"So waddaya want me to do, faint?" Eddie inquired.

A low-slung tree in the front yard would be acclaimed as a favorite play spot by Miss Novak that evening. Now it was cited as an excellent vantage point for looking into the living room, and several boys climbed it for that purpose.

"Be slim like Kim," said a girl to nobody. "That's a good advertising slogan."

A bald-headed man came out on the front porch and suggested that the children leave. "If you had a little intelligence," he said, "you'd realize that she's a girl, even though she's a Hollywood star. She's isn't having fun; she's working. Be a sport, fellows. She's a very sweet girl."

"Let's pretend we're Santa Claus and go down the chimney," a boy proposed.

Another one said, "Isn't this interesting? I didn't come to see her; I came to see the equipment." He ran an appraising eye over the mechanical array.

Somebody yelled, "They're going down in the basement," and a clump of kids ran to huddle at a lower window. A little girl with red hair tripped and burst into wails.

A United Parcel service truck slowed in front of the house and one of its occupants yelled, "What's the scoop there?"

"Kim Novak's in there," a girl yelled back.

The man on the truck emitted a low, impressed "Ohhhh . . ."

A little boy said, "Didn't she make a picture called 'Poof' or something like that?"

A woman in a yellow coat and a babushka came along and called for her daughter Susan to come and eat. Susan protested that she wouldn't

leave until she saw the star. "She's just another blonde," said the mother. "Let's go."

Just then somebody shouted, "There she is."

"Where?" the mother asked, then joined a scramble for the back porch.

It was a false alarm. Instead of Miss Novak, a man emerged, and announced that he had just called the police. The mother and the kids withdrew briefly, then went back up on the porch and crowded around the window. Soon Miss Novak came into the kitchen, and excited shouting broke out.

The lady in the babushka came off the porch, pulling her daughter along. "Just another bleached blonde," she said.

The boy who had come to see the equipment ran into the front yard, threw himself on the ground, rolled over twice, jumped up, shot his arms in the air and yelled, "Oh, she threw me a kiss."

"Oh, for crissake," said the girl with the dog.

THE LINCOLN FUNNEL

It may have been the sympathy of one self-made man for another that led Alfred Whital Stern, a retired manufacturer, to begin his extravagant researches in the works that have been written of, by and for Abraham Lincoln, and that impelled him into doing what he can to see that they shall not perish from disuse.

"I was born in 1881," Stern said recently in his La Salle street office. "I came to Chicago from New York when I was four or five and attended the Harvard grammar school and the South Side academy, which later became the University of Chicago Lab school. I never went to college because I couldn't finance it. Whatever money I had in my youth, I earned myself. But by 1926 I was able to retire, a pretty young man."

Since then, Stern has been occupied with what he refers to as "my own financial affairs, helping others, and civic works."

His major preoccupation has been the collecting of Lincolniana. He was first drawn to Lincoln, he said, when he was in Atlantic City with his family and undertook to help his son John improve his reading. "The only decent book I could find out there on the boardwalk was Lincoln's collected works, brought together by Tracy. I was intrigued with Lincoln's simple style, his use of simple words to form strong sentences. One book led to another."

Until six years ago there was nothing extraordinary about Stern's avocation except its thoroughness. Over a period of thirty years he had built up the largest and most complete library of Lincoln books and pamphlets ever to be accumulated anywhere.

Then in 1950, he had the whole works crated up and shipped as a gift to the Library of Congress, and ever since he has been engaged in collecting for the exclusive purpose of giving away.

There were, he said, many reasons for his decision to give away what he had so lovingly stored up. "One was the matter of space. I had most of the books in the basement packed away and I thought they should all be in one place where people could learn about them and use them."

What started Stern's practice of collecting to disburse was his purchase at a private auction of a letter Lincoln wrote to General Joseph Hooker in 1863. He paid $15,000 for it—the highest price ever given for a Lincoln letter. Owning it made him nervous, and he wrote to the manuscripts curator of the Library of Congress offering to will the letter to the government and to pay for its display case. He asked, "under what conditions would the letter be displayed and be available to the view of the public? I am desirous that they shall have this opportunity to the fullest extent."

During his correspondence with the Library of Congress, Stern learned that its Lincoln books were in bad shape and that the whole national collection was not much to be proud of. He talked things over with his wife, who admired his hobby but wasn't willing to have it crowd her out of their Lake Shore drive apartment, and packed his entire library off to Washington with an endowment for its maintenance. "If you don't feed a dog, it will die," he observed.

Handsomely installed next door to the Jefferson collection and just down the aisle from the Washington collection, the Lincoln library is now, thanks to Stern, unrivalled as to size, value and rareties. It contains about 10,000 items, and Stern continues to keep it fresh by tracking down rare bits and pieces with which to augment it.

In 1858, Lincoln wrote a letter to Dr. C. H. Ray of the Chicago *Tribune*, asking for two sets of the issues which reported his debates with Stephen A. Douglas "in order to lay one away in the room, and to put the other in a scrap-book." Lincoln reminded Dr. Ray that "if part of any debate is on *both* sides of one sheet, it will take two sets to make one scrap-book," and ended his letter with the observation that "Douglas managed to be

supported both as the best instrument to *put down* and to *uphold* the slave power, but no ingenuity can long keep these antagonisms in harmony."

In 1952, Stern bought this letter, as well as the scrap-book it refers to, for the Library of Congress. Ranking authorities hold the scrap-book to be one of the most valuable pieces of Lincolniana in existence, rating it second only to Lincoln's state papers. On the margins of the many clippings it contains are Lincoln's notes and comments in longhand. It was from this material that the first printed edition of the debates was produced in 1860. Stern paid $24,000 to get the scrapbook for the national library.

Another of his gifts to the Library of Congress was a bronze casting of the life-mask, with the casts of Lincoln's hands, done by Leonard Volk, a local sculptor. Last year he bought the original life-mask of Douglas, also done by Volk, and sent it to Washington so that the images of the two adversaries could confront each other.

But the Library of Congress is not

the only beneficiary of Stern's efforts. He is engaged in a one-man campaign to bring Abraham Lincoln to the college students. He buys what he refers to as "working collections" of books about Lincoln—numbering about a thousand volumes apiece—and places them in scholarly libraries all over the world. Brandeis university at Waltham, Massachusetts; McMasters university at Hamilton, Ontario; Northwestern university's Law school; the Hebrew university in Jerusalem, and University college of the University of London have so far been accommodated, and Stern has others in mind.

When he assembles these "working collections" he always asks each institution to send him a list of what it has and what it would like to get. It is not unusual for him to get a reply authorizing him to plan the whole collection, which undoubtedly makes him one of the most extraordinary personal shoppers anywhere.

In his more than 30 years with Lincoln, Stern could hardly ignore the Civil war. Concurrently with his Lincoln library, he built up a war collection that included about 6,000 items, ranging from official records to the diaries of obscure privates. When he decided to put this material where it would do the most public good, he fixed on the Illinois State Historical library, which had the Lincoln collection of the late Governor Henry Horner but was poor in books about the Civil war.

Having given away two immense libraries, Stern still has a personal collection of about fifteen hundred books, and wants to keep it small. But he plans to keep right on collecting and filling up other people's bookshelves all over the world.

HONOLULU BY THE C. B. & Q.

If Berwyn does not become the 49th state, it won't be the fault of the landed gentry in that southwest suburb. Not long ago they engineered certain cultural proceedings which brought all of the salient qualities of Hawaii to their city, to add to its crucial advantage of being on the mainland.

With deceptive simplicity, it all began when a man lately returned from the Sandwich islands offered to show the Berwyn Women's club his color slides of orchids in bloom, Waikiki beach and the other natural accretions of the Pearl of the Pacific.

The tourist's proposal was accepted with enthusiasm and, while he retired from the scene, presumably to edit and catalog his transparencies, the women began planning a small program to augment his lecture.

First the club's vocal ensemble, a cheery group with two decades of spiritual if not artistic accomplishment behind it, decided to present some popular Hawaiian music. A semi-professional chanteuse was engaged to supervise and star in this enterprise. Her first official act was a prudent one, but the second one was not.

Initially she looked over the music the ensemble had chosen and announced decisively that there must be no vocal embellishments to the scores—they were ripe enough already. Then she suggested that the club ask a local travel agency to help with the decor.

The owner of the agency was nothing if not cooperative. He wired his father, who was living in Hawaii, and by return mail came authentic music of the Islands, grass skirts and great quantities of orchids.

The grass skirts were, fortunately, taken over by twelve local high school girls, who frenziedly began a study of the symbolic gesture in Hawaiian dance. The authentic Hawaiian music proved on examination to be a wedding duet, and it was determined to hire a male singer to play opposite the lady semi-pro's *wahine*.

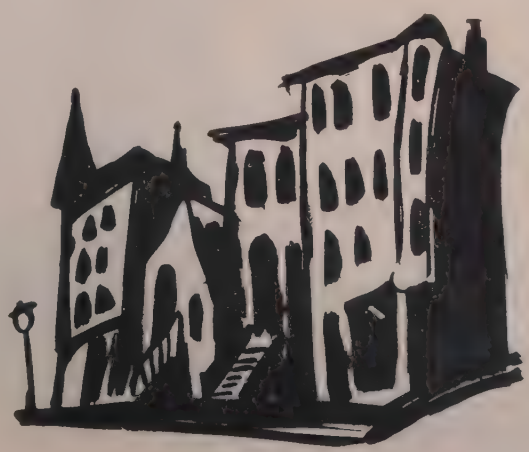
While these developments were taking place, the club decided that the affair had now reached the point where costumes were in order. The vocal lady, by now a full-fledged theatrical director, became cautious again, and counseled the members to make themselves the mother-hubbard-like garments that the older Hawaiian ladies wear. The reaction to this suggestion was immediate and negative. The members wanted, and would have, sarongs.

The director parried with the observation that there is a very nice Simplicity pattern for a sarong, the only difficulty being that it only runs up to size 18, a limit clearly incapable of embracing a quorum of the Berwyn Women's club. Her strategy went awry, however, when the ladies took the pattern and, with a little adaptation here and a little alteration there, produced garments combining the dash of sarongs with the concealment appropriate to the mores prevailing along Cermak road.

By this time word had begun to get around town that the Women's club was planning a Hawaiian night, and the community rallied to its sup-

REPORT FROM ONE OF THE 23 KINSEYS

Despite some evidence to the contrary, there is more Love than Sex in this town. According to the gray telephone directory, the proportions are one of Sex (Leon S rl est 139 N Clark) to 221 of Love (including Beautiful 3912 S Calumet, Canary 5536 S Perry, Sapphire 124 E Garfd and Venus L 1534 N Oakley).



port. Somebody donated a supply of Polynesian-looking paper sufficient to blanket the capacious church in which the festival was to unfold. A grove of papier-mache palm trees turned up, as did a real grass shack flown in, paradoxically, from St. Paul.

The latter effect was another contribution of the travel agent, who, as he observed the growth of the tropical snowball with mounting interest, remembered that United air lines has a portable grass shack that it flies around the country for publicity purposes. It took only a little wiring to discover that the herbaceous hut was then in St. Paul, and a little more to have it airlifted to Midway.

On the evening set for the pagan revel, the trees, the grass shack and the orchid-laden tables were all in place, along with about 200 members of the audience, some of *them* in Hawaiian costume, some members of the Women's club who had not attended a meeting in years. A number of disappointed patrons were turned away at the door, while inside people stood in the aisles, old friends greeting old friends.

There were, of course, a few snags in the extravaganza. For instance, in the big wedding duet, the male singer began calling his quondam bride in the darkened room. She answered distantly from another part of the building, finally appearing in the doorway where, according to plan, an amber spotlight shone upon her. At variance with plan, however, it shone directly into her eyes. Harassed by the glare and the overflow crowd, the maiden was reduced to taking a few tentative, groping steps toward the groom, and never actually met him.

The audience, however, seemed to attribute every hitch to artistic license, and greeted the performance with acclaim. At the end, the man showed his slides of Hawaii, which turned out to be heavily weighted toward pineapple factories.

The evening was a large success except that, according to one fussy member, the man with the slides had a few too many of them, and the audience got a little restless during that part of the program.

IMMORTAL

Michael Angelo runs a painting and decorating business in Morgan Park.

MY GOODNESS, YOU'RE VERSATILE

You and I and some of our relatives have extensive and varied business holdings in the metropolitan area.

My Exile cocktail lounge is in Berwyn; My Ma's restaurant in Oak Lawn; My Brother's Auto Mart in Waukegan; My Place in Highwood, as well as in Edison Park and Bridgeport; My Secretary and My Girl Hosiery company in the Loop; My Tavern in South Chicago, and My Little Margie's cafe in Grand Crossing.

Your Hair Dresser is in Evanston; Your Hairdresser in Albany Park; Your Beauty Nook in Wicker Park; Your Beauty Salon in Austin; Your Beauty Shop and Your Beauty Spot both in Bronzeville; Your Modern Beauty Salon on the Near West Side; Your New Baby in the Loop; Your Snappy shop in Irving Park; and Your store in Logan Square.

Our newsstand is in Bronzeville.

Joe, however, is way ahead of us. His barber shop has nine locations; his meat market, ten, and his zipper repair service, one.

WAGES OF GIN

A man swirled out of a crockery on North avenue, approached a motorist and asked for a ride to Clark street. He explained that he had a broken leg.

$215,700 BONFIRE

It was bitter cold and windy outside—a good day for a bonfire, and that was one of the things the Harris Trust and Savings bank had in mind. The bank's incendiary plans did not proceed from prevailing weather conditions, however. Fires are held there every few days throughout the year, even as they are at other large banks, to destroy corporate securities which have been retired.

This procedure, known technically as incineration and in the trade vernacular as cremation, is a good deal more complicated than burning yesterday's milk carton or an effigy of last season's losing football coach. It involves all sorts of refinements—even to individual styles of throwing the defunct debentures so they will land in the hungriest part of the inferno.

The fires are one of a number of activities supervised by Robert H. Long, a tall, husky young man with a crew haircut who is a vice-president of the bank and department manager of its corporate trust accounting group.

Long's staff of 16 employes handles the paying off of bonds issued by about 1,200 government agencies and 400 private corporations. That procedure can be carried out in one of two ways, he explained. Under one system the bank is given a list of the names and addresses of all bondholders. When the time comes to make payments, generally every six months, the bank bills the corporation for the total amount of principal and interest involved, then sends out checks to all the lenders. The other method finds the borrower issuing bonds which have coupons attached, each one containing the date on which a payment comes due. When that date arrives, the bondholder presents his coupon and gets paid by the bank.

Corporations which use coupons again operate in alternative ways. Some of them like to have the coupons returned to them after payments are made. Others prefer having them destroyed—hence bonfires, which, in the case of Harris Trust, consume about 2,500,000 coupons with an average denomination of $15 in a year.

Long pointed out that his operation is essentially a wholesale one. A bondholder usually presents his coupons for payment at his own bank, whether or not it is the one specified as the paying agent for the issue. The small

banks in outlying neighborhoods and the suburbs relay their coupons to the large ones downtown, which keep those they are charged with paying off and send the others to the banks responsible for them.

A department separate from Long's receives coupons brought to the Harris bank, sending the appropriate ones up to his office and the others to their

proper destinations. Similarly, his department receives bundles from other large banks.

All of the coupons that come in are sorted according to issue and checked to make sure they have actually come due and the borrowing corporation has provided the money with which to pay them. If everything is in order, they are cancelled by punching holes in them and then either sent to the place that issued them or consigned to incineration.

Although most coupons are at the bank within a few days after they come due, the others straggle out almost endlessly. In fact, some money is waiting for coupons due 20 or 30 years ago which may never arrive.

The Harris bank keeps coupons for about six months before cremating them, in order to have as many as possible on hand when the most exacting part of the handling procedure takes place—listing each coupon by date and serial number for the information of the borrowing corporation.

The busiest coupon-burning seasons occur during December-January and June-July. Municipalities in particular tend to make their bonds payable on the first days of those months. Business firms spread them out more.

Having furnished this introduction to bond-burning, Long led the way to a series of pens on the fifth floor where his staff carries out its varied tasks. Each one had a locked door that could be opened only by people with good reasons for doing so. He pointed out that the various divisions check each other's calculations and are kept physically separate to make sure that all of the work is done independently each time.

On a shelf in one compartment were several envelopes containing coupons sent over from the First National bank and up from the Harris bank's own collection department. Other coupons were arranged in stacks. Each richly engraved certificate was a little larger than a commemorative postage stamp.

After being checked in as to serial number and value the coupons were passed to another cage housing the cancellation division. Here they were rechecked and then punched. A little machine that made a whizzing noise like a hand-dryer in a public bathroom was used where only one hole was needed. A whole row of holes was provided by a larger device that went "Crunch."

After being cancelled, the coupons destined for destruction were given to the incineration division, consisting of three gray-haired ladies and one blonde one. Here they were listed with a special kind of adding machine which simultaneously notes range and number of a group of figures in sequence.

The head incineration clerk, Mrs. Cecile Zwiefka, displayed a list of 8,628 coupons for Telephone Bond and Share company bonds, each with a face value of $25. Most of them were payable as of June 1, 1955, but some went back to 1947. Attached to the list was a statement that the coupons had been "utterly destroyed," with spaces for the signatures of an officer of the bank and two other witnesses.

Mrs. Zwiefka had placed the coupons on the list in a small brown and white suitcase. They were arranged in bundles held by large rubber bands according to thousands in the progression of serial numbers. Bundles within these bundles were arranged by hundreds and surrounded by little rubber bands.

When all the preparations had been made, Mrs. Zwiefka led a group of employes to a freight elevator which could only be opened by a guard on each floor with a key. A heavy mallet hung inside the elevator, used to bang on the metal door in case a guard had to be notified that the lift was on his level.

The elevator descended to the sub-sub-basement of the building, 40 feet below the surface, and opened near the gated entrance to the Loop freight tunnel. The group walked across a boiler room to a black furnace about seven feet high, five feet wide and ten feet long.

Mrs. Zwiefka explained that the furnace is used for burning common trash, as well as securities, and appointments must be made for the latter operation so that the proper conditions may be created.

An attendant opened the door of the furnace, where some wooden boards had been reduced to glowing coals, and threw in a few pieces of pasteboard. Then he turned a switch on one side and a stream of gas shot into the chamber, adding to the heat created by an electrical element in the bottom.

The damper had been locked at a prescribed angle in order to provide a healthy fire without drawing any of the coupons up the chimney and thence, perhaps, out into the street. Accidents like this have been known to happen, but bankers dislike discussing them in detail. As a further precaution, the coupons were thrown into the fire with the rubber bands still on, so that they couldn't sail around individually until they were pretty well consumed.

Mrs. Zwiefka went up close to the firedoor and pitched bundles of coupons into the center of the chamber with a snappy overarm motion. A couple of men joined her, using a backhand spinning delivery with thumb and forefinger, as in quoits.

"This is a small shipment," said Mrs. Zwiefka, "so we'll just wait here until the fire is over, then poke around in the ashes to make sure everything has burned. If we have a big load, we can padlock the furnace with an iron bar and then come back in a couple of hours."

"They do this at the Federal Reserve bank, too," said Long, "only they do it with money."

HERBLOCK

A former North Side walk chalker has become a pillar of the Washington Post, *impaling on a pointed pen public figures to the right and left of his independent liberal philosophy.*

by John Madigan

When Herbert Lawrence Block, now 46, was still of sidewalk-chalking age in the Edgewater district he was dismayed by a parental command given his two older brothers. Because of their bent for misdirecting baseballs, the two were ordered to bite into their weekly allowances and establish a broken-window fund.

Block doesn't credit his brothers' sad experience with launching him on a career in which he is one of the nation's best, as well as most controversial, editorial cartoonists. ("Herblock" cartoons appear in the *Sun-Times* and in 150 American newspapers and are reprinted throughout the world.) But he doesn't deny that the young Herb of World War I days was disinclined to jeopardize such a friendly substance as money. He abandoned baseball in favor of holing up with crayon and paper. At Le Moyne grade school he did a forceful, if not kindly, likeness of the girl who sat in front of him. His sidewalk caricatures of Kaiser Wilhelm gave promise of the rugged treatment to be given in adult years to such targets as Joe McCarthy and Joe Stalin.

The boy's father, David Julian Block, was an industrial chemist who recalled wistfully an early fling at drawing humorous cartoons for *Puck* and *Judge*. He was delighted with his youngest son's talent, bought him all the equipment necessary to the craft and gave him the signature of "Herblock" when he began doing cartoons for the school paper and a magazine at Senn high. While attending Lake Forest college, Herblock began cartooning for the Evanston *News-Index*. He left school in his sophomore year to work on this suburban paper full time. The following year he joined the Chicago *Daily News* and has been in the big time ever since.

FOR TEN YEARS NOW, Washington has been Herblock's oyster. In a cluttered office on the second floor of the Washington *Post and Times-Herald*, his "home" newspaper, he turns out a cartoon each of six days a week which has more impact on the national scene than most newspapers or magazine columns. No one can ignore Herblock. You either love or hate his work. In Washington, the question "Did you see Herblock this morning?" is commonplace.

Reactions to Herblock run the gamut. Says Sen. Paul Douglas, Illinois Democrat: "Herblock has an unfailing sense of the bull's-eye of an issue. He can say more in a cartoon than an ordinary man can say in pages of writing." Says Republican Sen. Joseph R. McCarthy of Wisconsin: "Herblock is very good as a craftsman, but he's always on the wrong side. He's a great cartoonist for Communist causes. He's the enemy of anyone who is anti-Communist." Says Erwin D. Canham, editor of the *Christian Science Monitor*: "One doesn't have to agree with all Herblock's opinions to appreciate the wit, clarity and pungency of his prose. He is ruthless in the best tradition of American cartooning and political writing." Says Carl Sandburg: "You hear the keen talk of an artist, a wit and philosopher, one of the brightest figures in the American scene." Herblock says of himself: "I *am* one to criticize."

While Herblock's cartoons are rugged, he is personally shy and mild-mannered. If he is under a spell, it seems to be one of his own choosing. Washington columnist Pete Edson of the NEA syndicate, who was Herblock's boss many years ago in Cleveland, calls him "Public Pixie Number One." Herblock's present boss, Robert Estabrook, Washington *Post* editorial page editor, relates how the top sketch in Herblock's batch of suggestions one day showed Old Man Winter throwing a snowball at Estabrook. "We had had a heavy snowstorm only a few hours after I ran an editorial complaining that we were being cheated out of winter."

The cartoonist's work is usually aiming at making some public stand on an issue look ridiculous, or to cut some person down to size. Examples:

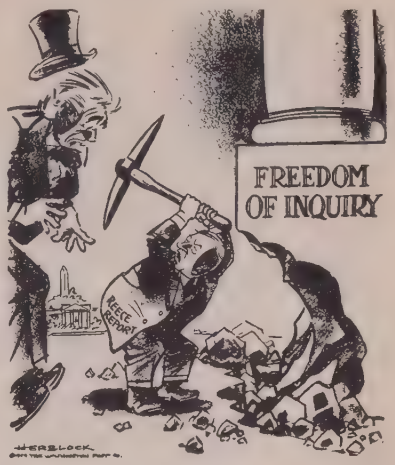
—An elegantly dressed Uncle Sam is sitting outside a battered shack. Its sagging door bears the word "HOUSING." A passerby whispers to his companion: "They say he's very prosperous."

—A big Washington cocktail party is in progress. In the center of the room is a man with a gag on his mouth. The man next to him says: "You're with the State Department, I

"I Can Lick Any Man In The House. Carry Me Back In" (May 1951)

"Wait A Minute, Now—Let's Not Go Hog Wild!" (April 1951)

"That's The Trouble With This Country—Foundations" (December 1954)



Public Executioner

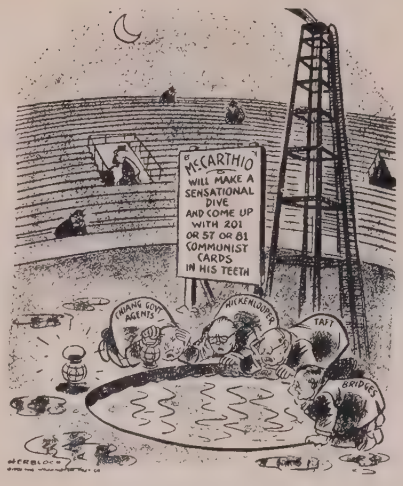
"Okay, Now Give Us That Old Smile" (November 1953)

"I Can Protect Myself From My Enemies . . ." (October 1951)

Top of page: Three of Herblock's favorite targets have been Chiang Kai-Shek, the late Senator Taft and the scatter-shot subversion fraternity. Bottom: Both the present President and his predecessor have often incurred the cartoonist's bipartisan displeasure.

"Haw, Haw, Haw!—Ooops!" (April 1952)

"Joe—Yoo Hoo—Joe" (April 1950)


McCARTHIO WILL MAKE A SENSATIONAL DIVE AND COME UP WITH 201 OR 57 OR 81 COMMUNIST CARDS IN HIS TEETH
CHIANG GOVT AGENTS
TAFT
BRIDGES

"It's Okay—We're Hunting Communists"

Conclusion (May 1955)

18 YEARS OF THE MARCH OF DIMES
KEEP UP THE PRESSURE!
VICTORY IS AT HAND!
"NO ONE COULD HAVE FORESEEN THE PUBLIC DEMAND FOR THE SALK VACCINE"
DEPT. OF MOT-TOO-MUCH HEALTH EDUCATION AND WELFARE

Opponents of civil liberties are, by definition, opponents of Herblock, whether they be Communists, below, or career anti-Communists, above. In the column at left he takes apart a couple of cabinet members and finds simultaneous fault with both parties. On the opposite page he deals with a local theme and with a global one which is among his favorites.

"What Was Wrong With Charlie's Crack About Dogs?" (October 1954)

"Thank You!" "Thank You!" "Thank You!" (May 1949)

"You Were Always A Great Friend Of Mine, Joseph" (March 1953)

presume."

—A school is bursting at the seams, with children coming through the roof, jammed on window-sills and spilling out the door. On the sidewalk nearby a pig-tailed girl is saying to a man: "I'm in the Fourth Grade. Third Shift, Second Layer."

—A barely discernible Gen. Douglas MacArthur is sitting in a theater dressing-room, peering into a brightly lighted mirror. Dark glasses, corn-cob pipe and make-up are on the dresser. It is the day after his keynote address at the 1952 GOP convention. He says to the military aide at the door: "Do you think I've started to fade, Whitney?"

HERBLOCK IS OFTEN ASKED about his preoccupation with civil liberties as subject matter. His reply: "It is a hell of an important subject." (His two Pulitzer prizes and most of his other awards were for cartoons unrelated to civil liberties.) But it is in this area that congressmen make floor speeches for or against the cartoonist, and where Washington conversationalists constantly dig for new material.

Herblock's views are important to foes and friends alike. Sen Joe McCarthy, so one story goes, was shaving in his office during a luncheon recess in the Army-McCarthy hearings when a reporter came in. The Wisconsin senator explained: "I've got to shave twice a day now to make sure I don't resemble the way that bum draws me in his cartoons."

McCarthy, although a favorite subject, has never asked for an original of a cartoon, "I wouldn't dignify the trash," says McCarthy. He and Herblock have never met. Editor Estabrook estimates that dozens of requests come in for the original of each cartoon, but the cartoonist is quite adept at guiding the requests to the waste-basket.

Former President Truman, now living in Independence, Mo., is a long-time admirer of Herblock's and has several originals. Truman has told friends that Herblock is the reason he still reads the Washington *Post*. When he came to the capital last year for a Truman library luncheon, Herblock presented him with the original of a cartoon drawn when Truman left office. It showed him leaving the White House gates as a uniformed guard says to Uncle Sam: "He was always a guy that liked freedom."

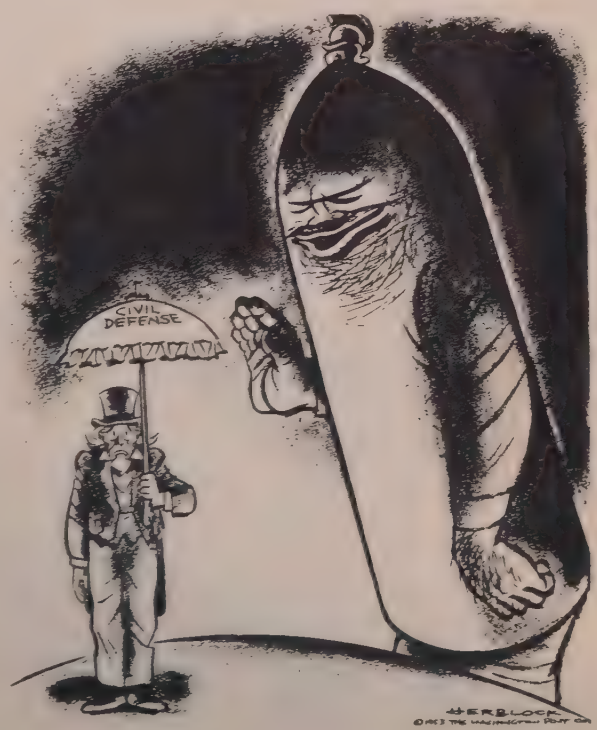
A few justices and cabinet members, senators and representatives, ambassadors and foreign dignitaries are among the comparatively few who possess Herblock originals.

HIS FIRST BIG JOB at the *Daily News*

"Stand Fast, Men—They're Armed With Marshmallows" (August 1954)

ILLINOIS DEPT. AMERICAN LEGION RESOLUTION CONDEMNING THE GIRL SCOUTS OF AMERICA
OUR HERO
HOW TO DETECT SUBVERSION AND WITCHCRAFT
HERBLOCK

"It Looks Darling" (September 1954)



came to him "by accident," says Herblock, who gives himself little credit for anything. "I brought some of my stuff to the *Daily News* and left it there. The reaction was the standard, 'Don't you call us; we'll call you.' They had Vaughan Shoemaker then, just as they have today. But their second cartoonist quit a short time later. I guess my stuff happened to be on the top of the pile so I was called. I stayed with the *News* four years, drawing a daily three-column editorial cartoon, in sort of a light vein and covering a lot of subjects."

Then Herblock went to the Newspaper Enterprise Association in Cleveland to draw a daily public affairs cartoon. Edson, who was then the editor in Cleveland, recalls: "The trouble with Herblock was he was too prolific; he had too many damn ideas; and sometimes some of them were too strong for a service dealing in package syndication." It was in 1942, while with NEA, that Herblock won his first Pulitzer prize with a cartoon bearing only these words, "British Plane." All it showed was a German soldier fearfully searching the sky for a British bomber over occupied France. Nearby, Frenchmen watched his discomfort with grim pleasure.

After a World War II stint in the Army, where he did strips urging purchase of war bonds, Block wrote a letter to Eugene Meyer, owner of the Washington *Post*. Meyer set a date for dinner in the Yale club in New York. They compared viewpoints on a variety of subjects and liked each other's philosophy. Said Herblock: "I'll send you some of my stuff so your editors can look it over." Said Meyer: "You ought to look us over, too. We'll send you some editorial pages so you'll see what kind of paper we're running."

As a result of that informal meeting, Herblock joined the *Post*. His first cartoon appeared Jan. 3, 1946. A figure bearing the label "Narrow Nationalists" was standing on top of the world, with his sleeves rolled up and a huge axe in his hands. He was addressing a second figure, labeled "World Scientists," and reading about the atom. Its caption: "Brother, I'll show you how to split something big." Almost from the beginning Herblock became an integral part of the paper. Steady increasing syndication followed soon after.

A BACHELOR, HERBLOCK'S day really begins at night in his four-room apartment within walking distance of the office. (He has all of his meals out, can take or leave most social functions.) Before going to bed the cartoonist will thumb through the latest newspapers and magazines. Many nights his pet alley cat, "Bella," who was born under the porch five years ago, will be in his lap.

(Editor Estabrook says Herblock is famous as a pet fancier, tells of him having a pet squirrel for many years which would come in and out of his apartment window to dine on nuts supplied by the cartoonist. Herblock insists the story is exaggerated, that there was such a squirrel for a time "but we were barely acquainted.")

HERBLOCK ARRIVES AT HIS office about ten a.m., does more reading, then begins to doodle with sketches. At this point he obtains his daily exercise, that of pacing aimlessly through the halls or in the enclosure formed by a plant locker-room. He discards ideas like used cigarets during this pacing. The comparison is a good one considering that he smokes constantly. ("I've never counted how many; I don't want to know.")

Finally he stays put at his chair and desk, which look like bargains from a rummage sale. (He had a nicer office on the fifth floor, but fled it a few years ago to dodge visitors during working hours. The door to his working cubicle bears no name, simply the forbidding word, "Private"). Actually, Herblock is friendly, but he wants to be alone when he wants to be alone. He said once in a special article for the *Post*. "A cartoonist who keeps handy some wet mortar and a supply of bricks can lay a few rows of masonry while he is being reflective, and thus give visible evidence that he is working. But the disadvantage of this device is that he may concentrate so intently that he will end up by walling himself in, and miss his deadline completely."

The deadline for bringing the sketches into Estabrook is about four p.m. Herblock usually puts the one he likes best on top, and generally the editor and cartoonist see eye to eye. The occasions on which Estabrook, for policy or technical reasons, finds bugs in the cartoons are infrequent. Says Estabrook: "We realize we have a big asset in Herblock. Occasionally he may be black or white on a subject where the paper's policy is gray or not yet firmed up, but he is allowed a lot of leeway."

When a staff man holds five Sigma Delta Chi awards, a Heywood Broun award, a Newspaper Guild award and a Sidney Hillman award, in addition to his two Pulitzer prizes, an editor isn't inclined to get angry too often with what he produces from brush, india ink and a graphite stick.

Although Herblock's operation is pretty much of a one-man-show, he is a great one for seeking out sounding boards. If his subject for a particular day is taking the hide off the ever-changing internal security program (a perpetual target), he might thrust his sketches under the nose of editorial writer Alan Barth, a specialist in the field. Or if he is portraying an opinion in foreign affairs, he'll seek out reporter Chalmers Roberts, diplomatic correspondent.

As boss Estabrook points out, such sounding may be needed for a greater purpose than doublechecking. Former Rep. J. Parnell Thomas, before he finally had the can tied to him, was skinned alive repeatedly in Herblock's cartoons. Yet time and again he asked for the originals. Herblock and Estabrook finally began to worry. They were afraid that no man could be so thick-skinned, that maybe the point of the cartoons just wasn't getting across.

Of course, this was impossible. Herblock is never vague. Doctrinaire, yes. Ruthless, sometimes. But even at his most subtle—and he is never clumsy or heavy-footed—he is never obtuse.

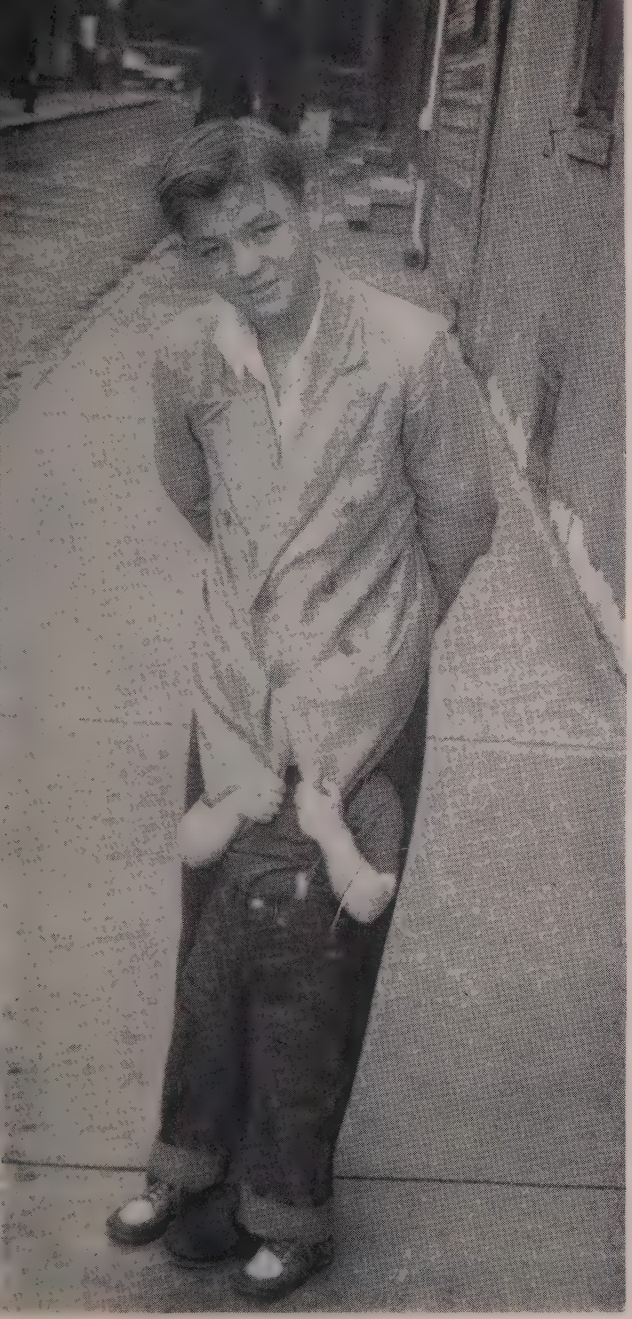
In the cartoonist's second book, *Herblock's Here and Now*, published just a few weeks ago, Herblock makes it clear where he stands on a variety of big shots. The book reprints devastating cartoons directed at Secretary of State Dulles, Attorney General Brownell, Secretary of Defense Wilson, and other officials right up to and including President Eisenhower.

HERBLOCK ISN'T A MAN GIVEN to next-day regrets. He can't recall off-hand any cartoon which he now thinks was unjust or inaccurate. "I don't mean they were all perfect by any means," says the cartoonist, "But I just can't recall any over which I feel any remorse."

As to the impact that he and other top cartoonists have on the nation and world, Herblock asks, "How do you measure it? All I know is you try and give a viewpoint, and a cartoon is easy to read."

Asked what men he thinks are the greatest modern editorial cartoonists, Herblock answers merely that "Fitz (Fitzpatrick of the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*) would have to be right up with the top." Asked who is the best draftsman, he replies, "The drawing is better in Britain."

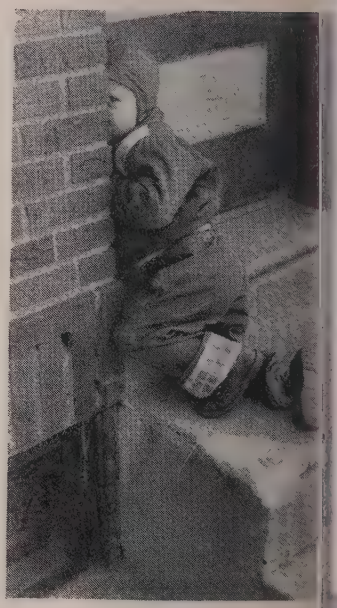
A cartoon he drew in June, 1949, comes as close as any to being his personal favorite. The cartoon, one of his award winners, shows a man labeled "Hysteria," with a pail of water, rushing up a ladder to extinguish the Statue of Liberty flame. He is shouting "Fire!" ▬

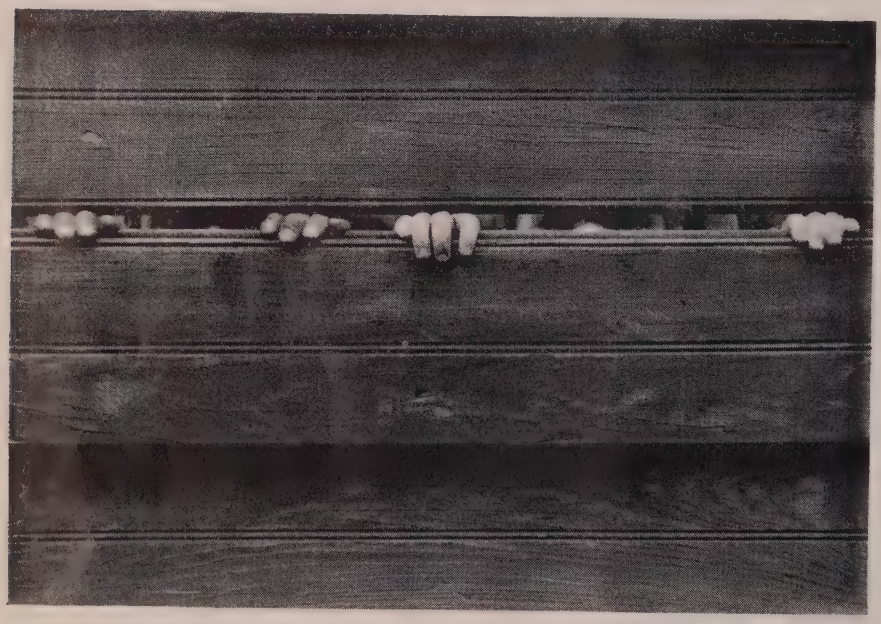


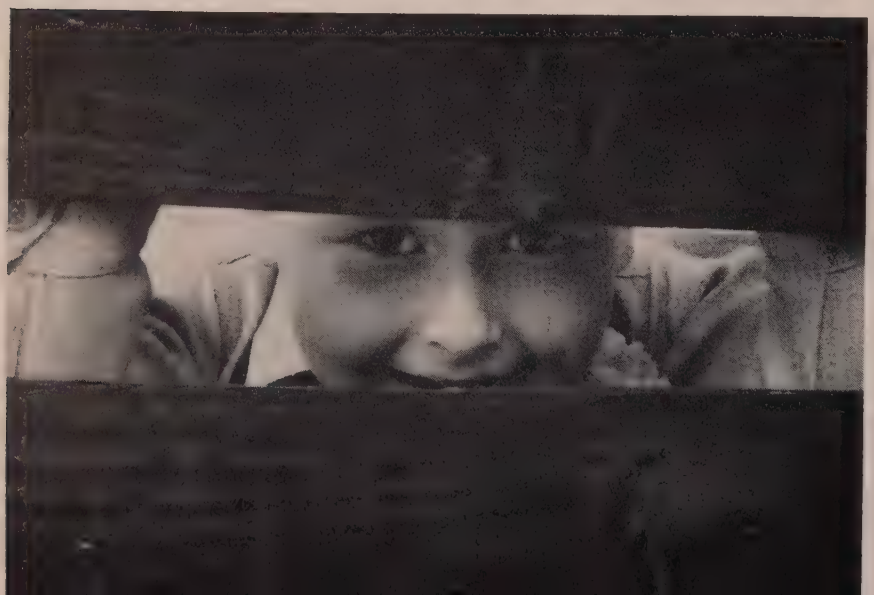
photographs by Edward Wallowitch

PEEK-A-BOO

Edward Wallowitch is a young man whose camera has a special affinity for the world of childhood. He knows that to hide from the world and to spy on it may be, for a child, the same action, and have magic. So when he strolls down a city street where children play at peek-a-boo, he plays his own game of peek-a-boo among them. Some results of this play are on these pages, capturing the gravity and mystery latent in such a neighborhood game—without missing any of the fun in which the game begins and ends.



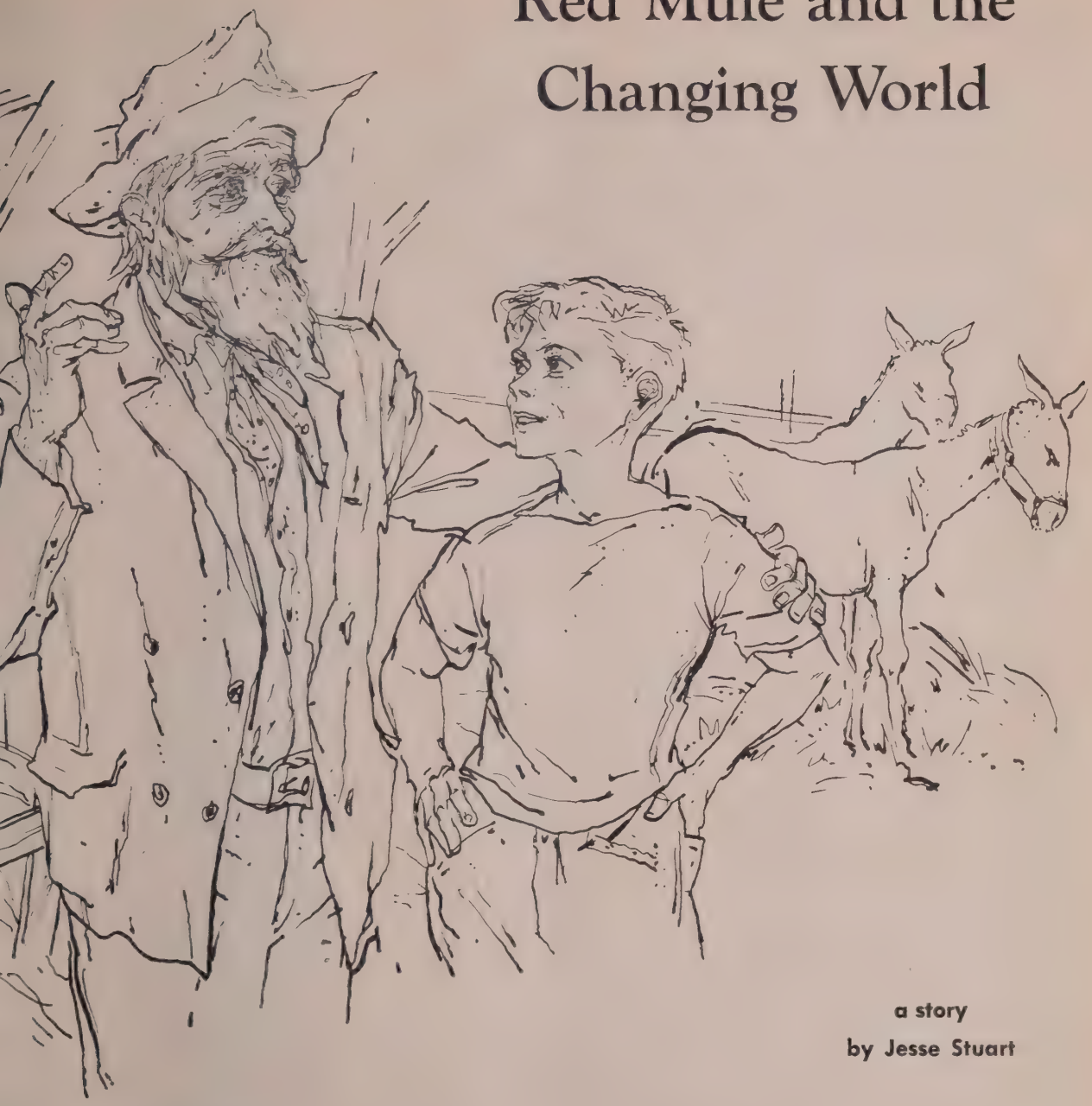




These pictures make their artless discoveries of those who play peek-a-boo by peeking as well as of those who play it by hiding. They seize the happy difference between tots of three and four who hide by hiding their eyes, and sophisticated elders of seven and eight who know that invisibility requires, at minimum, an older boy's jacket, a knothole, a mask or a bucket. The pictures are artful, too: in the moment of concealment, a girl's smile, a boy's grimace, reveal the style of a personality.

And sometimes peek-a-boo
is a game for private meditation
in a world of one's own.

Red Mule and the Changing World



a story

by Jesse Stuart

Illustrated by Nathan Goldstein

"I liked him. He never looked run-down and ornery to me. But when he walked down the street, everybody looked at him and laughed."

Scrappie, you're goin' to make a real teamster," Red Mule said as I stopped Dick and Dinah to let them rest. "You like mules and they like you."

"Gee, I'm glad to hear you say that," I told him. "You taught me to like mules."

Just across the street Milford Royster was making his tractor hum. He had two plows and he was turning the dark dirt over. His tractor made so much noise Red Mule walked up close so we could hear each other.

"Do ye reckon old Milford likes his tractor as well as you and I like these mules?"

"I don't see how he could," I replied. "The tractor can't put its mouth on your shoulder and nibble when it wants something. The tractor can't talk to you."

"Then, you've learned mules can talk," Red Mule said. "That's when you really fall in love with 'em.

You'll be a real mule man when you grow up. People will be calling you Mule, too. Only you don't have red hair like mine. They might call you Blond Mule."

Dick and Dinah had their second wind and I shook the lines.

"We've got to finish this lot before noon," I said to them. "We can't let Milford finish three lots before we finish one."

Dick and Dinah understood what I told them and their small feet went down into the dirt as they pulled against the disk harrow. Mules are powerful things even if they have got little feet and slender bony legs. They have long ears, too. Their ears can catch the sound of what anybody says about 'em even if he just whispers. They can hear a gnat's wings on the wind five feet away and they can hear a snake crawl over plowed ground 30 feet away. They can bend their ears in any direction to catch sounds. Red Mule told me once he wished he had mule ears like Dick's and Dinah's so he could hear what people in Blakesburg were saying about him.

I WORKED WITH RED MULE every day I wasn't in school. I liked him. He never looked ornery and run-down to me. But once right before Christmas when Red Mule walked down the street, everybody looked at him and laughed. He thought people were just being friendly. But somebody had pinned a sign on the back of his coat: *Give Red Mule a free shave and a haircut for Christmas.* I ran up and jerked the sign from his coat and wadded it up so he wouldn't see it.

Milford Royster had finished plowing his three lots and had disked them before we finished one. But I didn't rush Dick and Dinah to beat Milford. Red Mule told me never to rush mules. He told me to let them walk in their own slow gait and they would be going when the tractors and the trucks had broken down. And I never forgot these words because I liked the way Red Mule talked. When I had finished disking the lot, Red Mule walked over.

"Scrappie, you can disk more ground than I can," he said. "You're lighter on the disk."

Just then Milford raced down the street on his tractor, grinning at us as we unfastened the trace chains and wound them around the backbands. Red Mule and I led Dick and Dinah over to the wagon. Here, Red Mule poured feed from a sack into their feedboxes.

"I'll water them before you get back, Scrappie."

"But where's your lunch?" I asked, looking inside the wagon-bed.

"I didn't bring any today."

"Won't you get hungry?"

He looked at me and grinned. "Oh, sometimes, I get hungry," he said, "But I've not worked any this mornin'."

"But you'll get hungry," I said. "Go home with me and eat."

I invited Red Mule before I thought. Mom had heard too much about his being dirty. She had heard women talk about having to hold their noses when they met him on the street. But Red Mule didn't have that kind of smell. He smelled like a mule.

Red Mule stood there looking at me. Then, he said, "I'd better not go. Thank you, Scrappie."

When I got a few steps away I turned and looked back. I watched Red Mule dip his big hand into Dick's feedbox and come up to his mouth with a handful of feed. I knew he was hungry to do this. As I walked toward home my hunger went away.

"Get ready for lunch, Scrappie," Mom said. "You're late."

"Mom, I'll wash my hands and face," I said, "But I'm not hungry."

Mom looked strangely at me for I had always been hungry when I worked with Red Mule. I'd come home and Mom and I had eaten together. Pop ran a store in Blakesburg and he took only a few minutes at noon. He ate at Uncle Bus Burton's restaurant just across the street from the store.

"What's the matter, Scrappie?" she asked me. "Something gone wrong?"

"Red Mule's not got any lunch," I said.

"Well, he could have had, couldn't he?" she said, looking at me with her soft blue eyes. "He gets paid for every garden he plows, doesn't he? He's never paid you yet for helpin' him, has he?"

"But he's got mules to feed, Mom," I said. "He doesn't get as many gardens to plow as he used to. Milford Royster, Jad Warnock and Sylvester Lybrooks have all got tractors and they're getting the work. Red Mule's had a hard winter and not much to do. I don't care whether he pays me or not. I'll stick with him and the mules."

Mom didn't frown but I thought she was going to.

"Come on now, Scrappie, and eat your lunch," she said.

"Mom, I can't eat," I said. "I can't eat when I know Red Mule's hungry."

"How do you know he's hungry?"

"I saw 'im eatin' mule feed from Dick's feedbox when I looked back. A man has to be hungry to do that."

"But he's so . . ."

"He's not dirty, Mom," I interrupted. "I work with Red Mule. I know he smells like a hot mule. But I like mule smell."

"I've got plenty cooked," Mom said. "Go, tell him to come over and eat with you."

Then I ran back across the street and told Red Mule Mom wanted him to eat with me.

"That's wonderful, Scrappie," he said. "But I ain't hungry."

"If you don't eat with me, I'll quit workin' for you," I said.

IT WAS FUNNY TO SEE big Red Mule in our little dining room. It was almost like bringing Dick or Dinah in and setting one up to the table in a little chair. Red Mule towered over the table. And he was careful with Mom's little dainty dishes, cups and saucers. He and I ate up everything there was on our table. We sopped our plates with bread just like Dick and Dinah always cleaned their feedboxes and sopped up the fine grains of feed with their long tongues. Red Mule thanked Mom for the fine meal, as he looked at Mom's clean, snow-white, tie-back curtains. He eyed our house so much it made me wonder where he lived. He lived somewhere out of town.

That afternoon we went back to the wagon and took Dick and Dinah to Town Branch and watered them in a deep hold shaded by willows. Then we came back and plowed Barry Kendall's garden. Jad was through with Mrs. Smollett's garden in a couple of hours.

"I'll tell you, Scrappie," Red Mule said walking over where I was letting the mules rest, "a tractor plowed garden ain't as good as a mule-plowed garden. You look where Jad's plowed and look where we're plowin'."

It was sundown before he had finished with Barry Kendall's garden. Then we hitched Dick and Dinah to the wagon. We loaded the plows and Red Mule drove down the street as cars whizzed past. Our wagon and mules were a little out of place and our load made a funny noise. When we drove down past our house, Pop had just come from the store. But he stopped to look when he heard our noise. When Red Mule stopped to let me out, Pop took one disgusted look and turned toward the house.

"Go home with me, Scrappie," Red Mule said.

That was the first time he had ever invited me.

"I can't go now but maybe I can tomorrow night," I said. "I'll have to ask Mom."

"Tomorrow, we'll plow the potato patch for Dave Bishop," he said.

That evening when I asked Mom if I could go spend a night with Red Mule, she said: "You're goin' to turn

to a mule, Scrappie, you're goin' to be like old Red Mule if you keep on. His red hair comes down to his shoulders and the beard on his face is as long as the hair on your head. I looked at him today and I wondered how you could have taken up with him!"

"You don't know 'im, Mom," I said.

"Just a fleeting fancy," Pop interrupted. "These dreams never come to a boy but once in his lifetime. I say, Ruth, we let Scrappie go home with Red Mule tomorrow night."

Pop lit a cigar and walked over to his big chair and picked up the afternoon paper. "He'll never meet another man like Red Mule anywhere in the United States," Pop mumbled as he opened his paper. "He's just about a beggar!"

I didn't say what I wanted to say to my father. He was like Mom, he didn't know Red Mule. And he'd never worked with mules.

IT WAS A WONDERFUL THING TO ME. I was never happier in my life than when I sat on the wagon seat beside Red Mule with the checklines in my hands. We had plowed the potato patch for Dave Bishop, and Red Mule had got the pay. We were on our way to his home. In Blakesburg Dick and Dinah shied at the automobiles. The disk was making an awful noise behind the wagon. But soon we were out of town and we went up a winding dirt road between a couple of low hills. We drove up a little road that forked up another little hollow where the hills were rising up. We came to a big barn that looked like it was ready to fall. Here we drove into the barn entry and stopped.

"Well, here's the place," Red Mule said.

"But where's the house, Red Mule?"

"Up there in the hay," he said. "Dick and Dinah and my other mules have their stalls down here."

"Gee, this is wonderful," I said. "I'd like this kind of life."

We unhitched Dick and Dinah and took the harness from them. Red Mule turned them loose in the lot so they could wallow in the dry dust and then get water from the stream in the barnlot. Then, Red Mule put feed into their boxes and I threw down hay into their mangers. Red Mule had me fork more hay down into a long manger where there weren't any mule stalls.

"What's all this hay for?" I shouted down at Red Mule.

"You just wait and see," he said.

He walked to the upper end of the lot, opened a gate. Then he started calling: "Cope, boys! Cope, girls! Cope! Cope!"

I heard the pounding of hoofs and I looked up the hollow through a crack in the barn and I saw the mules coming. I lost count when some mules jumped in front of the others. They came running into the big stall which took up nearly all of the barn.

"What do you think of 'em?" Red Mule asked, following the last mule in.

"I didn't know you had this many mules!"

"I've got thirty-five."

"But you can't work all these mules?"

"But I can save 'em!"

"From what?" I asked.

Red Mule didn't answer me. He climbed up the ladder into the loft.

"Now we got the mules fed," he said. "We'll eat our suppers and we'll talk."

In one corner of the barn with the hay all around us, Red Mule opened up a wooden box. He fetched a box of crackers, a block of brown cheese and a box of brown sugar from the box.

"This is our supper," he said. "In the morning, I'll have a cup of coffee at Bus Burton's restaurant. And I'll let you go home for breakfast."

Red Mule sliced the cheese with his pocketknife and we ate crackers and cheese and brown sugar on crackers. I'd never had a meal like it before. And I never ate anything in my life that tasted better.

"See, I'm older, Scrappie, than your father," he told me. "I lived with my mother until she died fifteen years ago and then I've lived with my mules ever since. I never married. Some people say I'm married to my mules. I guess I am."

"Gee, I'd like this kind of a life," I said. "How come you ever to find such a good way to live?"

"Scrappie, I found it by circumstance," Red Mule said as he laid a big cracker loaded with brown sugar onto his tongue. "Trucks come first and replaced the joltwagon and mule teams. Then we got tractors with plows and disks. We've even got tractors to haul logs from the woods. So our mules didn't have any work. Men started buying 'em up to butcher 'em! Ever heard of anything like it?"

"I never did," I said. "Is that where the truck loads of mules I've seen on the highways are going?"

"They're going to the cannery," Red Mule said. "When I see a truck load of 'em, I turn my head and cry. I really cry, Scrappie. It's hard for me to cry, too. No more work for these good mules. It breaks my heart, Scrappie."

Tears come in Red Mule's big blue eyes. He sliced more cheese for me and for himself.

"I grew up at a different time," he said, eating dry crackers and cheese without water to wash them down. "Mules belonged in my world and I'm tryin' to save as many as I can."

"Does it take a lot to keep 'em, Red Mule?"

"All I can make and more too," he said. "If I had the money to buy 'em and enough land to pasture 'em, I'd own two thousand. It ain't the mules' fault that this happened, Scrappie! Mules are as good to work now as they ever were. Mules are industrious.

They've lost out."

"I hate to hear that."

"In a hundred years, boys like you will be askin' what a mule used to look like," he said. "I used to have money in the bank. But I bought this barn, a hundred acres, and all these mules and that's why I have to buy hay for 'em. It's about broke me, Scrappie, but I'm still fightin' for mules in this changin' world!"

That night Red Mule and I slept on the hay with a quilt over us. I could look up through the cracks in the barn and see the stars in the blue April sky. And down under me I could hear the music of the mules eating hay. Now and then two mules would fall out and one would squeal and bite the other. Red Mule would raise up from his bed of straw and yell: "Cut it out down there!"

NEXT MORNING RED MULE stopped at Uncle Bus's restaurant and I went home for breakfast. I brushed the hay from my clothes carefully before I went inside. Mom was getting breakfast but she stopped when she discovered more hay in my hair.

"Scrappie, where did you sleep last night?" she asked me.

"Last night was the best night I ever spent in my life," I said as we sat down at the table. "Red Mule and I slept in the loft on the hay, with Dick and Dinah and thirty-five other mules below us."

"A wonderful experience for you, Scrappie!" Pop said. "Don't you think so, Mother?"

"You got three hundred acres all fenced and nothing to eat the grass," I said to Pop. "Why don't you let Red Mule put his mules there this summer? He's got a hundred acres of woods —not enough to pasture ten mules. He has to feed 'em hay. He's trying to save them, he's got thirty-five. He plows ground to make money to feed mules. He says there's something left that mules can do that tractors and trucks can't."

"I'll think about the pasture, Scrappie," Pop said, laughing. "I know what mules can do that tractors can't. They can eat their heads off when they're not working."

BEFORE THE PEAR, PLUM, peach and apple trees had shed their blossoms in Blakesburg, we had 33 of Red Mule's mules on Pop's 300 acres.

Pop was even nicer to Red Mule. He gave him our meadows on another farm to cut for winter hay.

It was good that Pop did this for Red Mule. For the rest of the spring and all through summer, work was slack for Red Mule and me. The tractors did most of the plowing and trucks the hauling. We seldom got a day's work. Red Mule mowed the meadows with Dick and Dinah and I helped him rake and haul the hay to his big barn. We saved plenty of hay for the winter. Red Mule saved the money he would have spent. So, we went to the Blakesburg stock sales the first Monday in each month and Red Mule saved five more mules.

September passed without much work for us. I was back in school but free to help on Saturdays. Then October came and it was a big month for Red Mule. Big River had flooded in summer and had left piles of driftwood seasoned by August and September suns. Years ago Red Mule had first started hauling driftwood to the people in Blakesburg for wood and kindling. But now Milford, Jad and Sylvester had taken this business from him, too. Then on a Saturday in mid-October something really happened.

Jailer Adam Linwood wanted 16 cords of kindling. Since my father, Red Mule, Jad, Milford and Sylvester belonged to the same party, he gave the order to all of us. So each of us tried to get more than his share. The tractor drivers were getting most of the order, competing among themselves and overlooking Red Mule and me. Then it happened. Milford got too close to Big River. His tractor started spinning and the wheels sank. When Jad tried to pull him out, his tractor stuck too. Sylvester tried to pull Jad's tractor and he bogged down.

"Now, we'll get the order," Red Mule said. "Let 'em set there in the mud. We won't stick. It's not neighborly but trucks and tractors have never been good to mules. They send them to the slaughterhouse. Let's work while we can get it."

Red Mule and I laid the driftwood onto our joltwagon. We'd let the mules stay in their gait up the river bank to the jailhouse, and when we came back empty, we let them trot all the way. We had hauled two loads and raced back thinking they'd have the tractors out when we returned. But Milford had gone up in Blakesburg and got Dave Attlebury's truck and hooked on to his tractor. But the truck boched into the river and drowned out.

"They'll come to me this time," Red Mule said as we loaded and started back.

They worked most of the day trying to get their tractors out. We let Dick and Dinah walk down the river bank after the last load.

"Say, Red Mule," Milford said, walking over. "We're stuck. We're really stuck!"

"You are?" Red Mule said.

"Do you suppose your mules could pull these tractors out?"

"Yes, but my mules are a little tired," Red Mule said. "We've hauled three-fourths of that big order today. Dick could pull one of the tractors out at a time if the single-tree didn't break. My mules will pull in water up to their bellies. Their engines won't choke!"

Milford looked down and shoved around gravel with his shoe.

"How much would you charge to pull our tractors and the truck out?" Milford asked, looking quickly at Red Mule.

"It will be high," Red Mule replied. "Same price I use to get for digging a well and walling it."

"You mean a dollar a foot?" Milford said, color coming to his face.

"That's the least I'll take," he told Milford. "I've got pasture for my mules now and hay in the barn to feed them this winter. I've got money in my pockets to jingle!"

"I won't pay that," Milford said.

"You'll have to have mules for that job," Red Mule said. "Heavy rains above last night and the water might rise anytime. No gasoline-pulled vehicle can pull you out of there. Only, the surefooted, reliable mules can do it. I've got all the mules left around here. It's all right with us, ain't it, Scrappie? What about Dick and Dinah?"

Dick and Dinah walked on to get the last load. We loaded the wood and were starting back when Milford came running over.

"We'll pay you that, Red Mule," he said. "I've talked to the boys. We've agreed."

"I've raised the price, Milford," Red Mule said. "Two dollars a foot."

Milford ran back where a group of men were working with the tractors. And we started up the river bank when Jad screamed for us to stop. We waited and he came running up.

"The water is rising fast," he said excitedly. "Unhitch from your wagon and bring your mules. Maybe you can save us."

"My Dick and Dinah," Red Mule said. "We'll save your tractors. We'll be over soon as we can unhitch and get the drag chains!"

"Two dollars a foot," I said. "More than fifty feet to pull each tractor and truck. That's two hundred feet, it'll be over four hundred dollars, Red Mule. That's money!"

"Ah, we'll make them tractors and that truck save some more mules, won't we, Dick?" Red Mule said, rubbing Dick's tired shoulder. "We'll save more mules, won't we, Dinah? See what mules can do in a pinch, Scrappie? There's still a place in the world for 'em!" ▬

WHO CENSORS OUR MOVIES?

An agency of the police department manned by people who say they don't read very much decides where art leaves off and sin begins. Its existence is threatened by a court action aimed at giving motion pictures the same freedom as other media of communication.

by Bernard Gavzer

Almost from the day of its creation as the first movie board of censorship in the United States, the Chicago Censor bureau has been under attack.

When it was established by the City Council on Nov. 7, 1907, the move was a popular one, but in short order objections arose against police officers deciding what the citizens should see in the movie houses. These objections are now being pressed in a whole series of cases around the country, in which both the competence of individual censors and the basic idea of censorship have been brought under scrutiny.

Censorship in this city is formally entrusted to Police Commissioner Timothy O'Connor, but the Commissioner attends a screening only in rare instances. He has delegated his authority to Captain Ignatius J. Sheehan, who has delegated it, in turn, to five women and one man, all civilians: Mrs. Josephine O'Hallaren, Mrs. Edith Joyce, Mrs. Ida Greenspan, Mrs. Jessie S. Jorgensen, Mrs. Beatrice H. McGill and William Lyons.

In a year's time they view approximately six million feet of film, or put into terms of time, eight hours a day, five days a week, every week except for two weeks vacation and national holidays. In the year 1954, the six censors reviewed 1,187 films, 244 of foreign origin. Of the total, they rejected seven and restricted 35 to adults only.

All the censors are political appointees. All are under temporary appointments, although their length of service ranges up to ten years. Each receives a salary of $3,630 a year. (There is supposed to be a civil service examination for censors. The last one was held in 1930).

Capt. Sheehan, a benign, soft-spoken man of 61, became head of the board in May, 1951. He joined the force a few years after World War I. Being operating head of the censor bureau is a job he likes. "It's something I believe in. After all, it's helping keep the city clean and protecting the morals of the boys and girls in high schools." Sheehan does not view every picture. He sees the ones that are "controversial."

The civilian members of the board agree with Sheehan's view that the job is a vital one. Speaking of her post, Mrs. Joyce commented, "These movies give me a headache—I blow my top. I resent the fact that movie producers present problems to us that are not up to the standards and dictates of our moral code. In many instances producers lose their perspec-

THESE PICTURES WERE CENSOREI

e forbidden fruit was not cut from French "Carmen" hen the picture was shown here, but 16 other scenes were. Later the virgin version was shown on television.

Better clad than Lady Godiva, this equestrienne was still insufficiently habited to please the censor board, which gave unfavorable reviews to the French film, "Le Plaisir."

droom scenes were practically the only scenes in "La nde," a satire on Viennese mating habits, which follows ten people through a circuit of love.

The fact that women in "La Ronde" are well concealed is not enough to satisfy the censors, who cut or ban films for their plots or themes more than for being overly graphic.

tive of what is entertainment and what is a bad power of suggestion for juveniles. Some of their pictures are an offense to the average good American."

Mrs. O'Hallaren held that her job is not accountable to the public. "I'm not elected, I'm appointed. The President is elected and he has to answer, but I don't in this job."

Mrs. Jorgensen, a somewhat shy woman, said that she liked her job very much. "I feel the board has a real purpose. I think the purpose is to keep undesirable movies from the screen. That is, movies that are undesirable because of juvenile delinquency. The movies that show methods of crime are the ones I am against more than any others. If 'Dragnet' hadn't been on TV, we probably wouldn't have passed it. It's the type of thing I don't think should be shown to juveniles."

Mrs. Greenspan, who at 45 is the youngest censor on the board (the others are in their 50s and 60s), worked in the business office of a newspaper before becoming a censor in April, 1946. "I've always been pretty much of a movie fan. I like musicals, I really enjoy it, to see one. Musicals are light, and you can sit back and enjoy yourself. But good, bad or indifferent, we have to sit through every movie."

One of the things that disturbs her, mildly, is that "we get movies in runs, and that's what makes it hard. There'll be three or four Westerns and then three or four sad ones. And the serials are the worst. Now we're seeing *Panther Girl of the Congo*."

Mrs. McGill, a tense, aggressive woman who was born in Savannah, Ga., and taught 12½ years in a Negro high school, came to Chicago in 1933. She is a widow and has a son in college. Mrs. McGill collects the "cut-cards" of the censors after each film and maintains what is known as the "cut-book." She refused to allow a reporter to see the cut-book. "After all, we are under the police, you know. We can't just do anything. These are important records and we just can't show them to anybody."

To ward off the numerous attacks against the board—attacks sometimes made on the premise the board wasn't representative of the major racial and religious groups in the city—the present board is divided along these lines: three Roman Catholics (Mrs. Joyce, Mrs. O'Hallaren and Lyons), one Jew (Mrs. Greenspan) and two Protestants (Mrs. Jorgensen and Mrs. McGill; Mrs. McGill is a Negro).

If a movie meets their approval, a license is issued. You cannot show a film publicly in Chicago, and charge an admission fee, unless the film is licensed. There are two classes of licenses. One is white, which means the film is for general consumption. The other is pink, which means the movie is suitable for adults only (that is, 21 or over). If the censors reject a film, or order a deletion, and the action is approved by Capt. Sheehan, the movie distributor or exhibitor can carry the matter to Police Commissioner Timothy O'Connor. If O'Connor upholds the bureau, the next authority is the mayor. And if the mayor goes along with O'Connor, Sheehan and the censors, the only recourse is the court.

The censor bureau has done well in court. Since the late 20s, its decisions have been upheld in eight cases. At present, however, the constitutionality of the bureau's existence is being challenged in the United States Supreme Court because of the banning of the film, *The Miracle*, and also before the United States District Court here, as a result of the banning of *The Game of Love*.

THE CENSOR BUREAU IS located in room 803 of the central police headquarters at 1121 south State, across from a railroad yard and half a mile south of the city's few burlesque houses, penny arcades and tourist dives. On its door is a sign stating: "No visitors allowed in the projection room."

In the projection room, the six censors sit in torturous-looking chairs with high, ribbed backs. Thirty feet ahead is a screen that almost reaches from wall to wall. Light tongues its way from a projection booth aperture, sound wells through the room, and on the screen there is flashed the title and credits of the movie, *Chief Crazy Horse*, featuring Victor Mature and Suzan Ball. In an early scene, Mature is represented as a young Indian boy who has a vision prophesying he will emerge as a great tribal leader.

Voice in the dark: "Is this supposed to be a true story?"

Another Voice: "Look at the expression in his face. Goodness."

Suzan Ball, an Indian maiden in the movie, rescues a white man who has been wounded by an arrow and has fallen face-down in a stream.

Voice: "You can hardly tell she has a false leg. My, look at her move, right in the water. That's her, isn't it?"

Voice: "That's Suzan Ball, you know, the sweet girl whose leg was removed because she had cancer. She's here now with her husband, isn't that so? I thought I saw it in the papers. My, isn't she pretty?"

At a point late in the movie a renegade Indian, who had joined the whites as a trooper, is taking Mature to the general in the fort and gives vent to his anger for being exiled from the tribe. He starts a fight with Mature, and when Mature is grasped by other troopers, the bad Indian stabs him in the back with a bayonet, killing him. The thrust of the bayonet is seen, and then the slayer looking at the bloody weapon.

Voice: "Did anyone find anything objectionable in that? In the knifing?"

Second Voice: "You don't see it really happen. If you didn't see the blade, you wouldn't know it happened."

Voice: "Then there's nothing objectionable. You don't see it happen."

Then censors each marked cards on which spaces provided for the notation that it was a Universal production, titled *Chief Crazy Horse* and of 8,000 feet in length. Under synopsis was written, "Indian warfare," and the space for recording cut-outs was left blank.

Another film then began, the Italian movie *Four Ways Out*, with English dialogue dubbed in. It is a story about four men who rob a stadium of proceeds of a soccer game and what happens to them with their ill-gotten gains. In one scene, one of the fleeing robbers seeks refuge in the apartment of a former mistress. They are seen at the door of a room and through the door is seen a canopied bed.

Voice: "Now what does that mean?"

In explaining their work, Mrs. McGill, Mrs. Greenspan and Mrs. Jorgensen said they never attempt to judge a movie on its artistic merits since they realize that is not their function. "We just judge it according to the law."

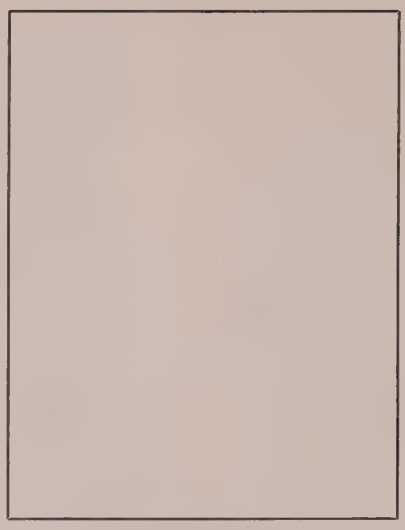
The law pertaining to movie censorship is contained in Chapter 155 of the Municipal Code of the City of Chicago, sections 1 through 7. It states that no permit shall be given to any movie which is immoral or obscene, or portrays depravity, criminality, or lack of virtue of a class of citizens of any race, color, creed or religion and exposes them to contempt, derision, or obloquy, or tends to produce a breach of the peace or riots, or purports to represent any hanging, lynching, or burning of a human being . . ."

The censors have a Code of Standards to guide them in judging certain aspects of movies. Under the heading "Immorality," for instance, there's a ban against "forcible kissing or embracing, where such acts indicate immorality or sensuality; prolonged or passionate kissing scenes or acts."

Limitations on the duration of movie embraces in Chicago and other censor-conscious cities led to what has been called "the five-foot kiss" rule

...AND SO WERE THESE

MRS. JOSEPHINE O'HALLAREN



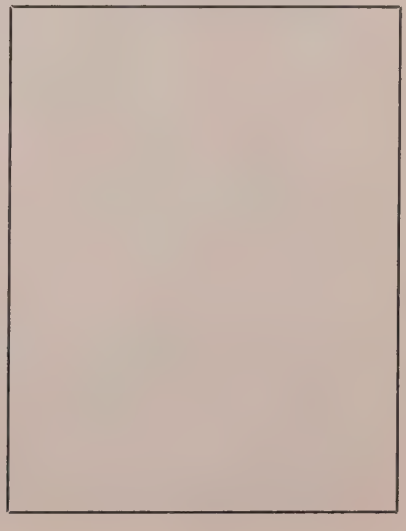
MRS. EDITH JOYCE

MRS. IDA GREENSPAN

It was the intention of the editors, in the interest of complete reporting on the workings of the police censor board, to present on this page the pictures of the public employees most directly engaged in film censorship—the six members of the board themselves. With this purpose in mind, a photographer visited the board headquarters. There he was barred from performing his job and instructed to get permission from Police Commissioner O'Connor. Although it is an unusual procedure for public servants to be thus isolated from so simple a journalistic contact as posing for a portrait, the editors tried to comply. Several attempts were made to reach Commissioner O'Connor by phone and when these attempts failed, a request was dispatched by telegram. The telegram was acknowledged by a telephone call from the commissioner's office denying the request. While the commissioner apparently feels his duties include censoring both movies and movie censors, we feel it is ours to report on affairs of the city. This page is a report on one of them.

MRS. JESSIE S. JORGENSON

MRS. BEATRICE H. McGILL



WILLIAM L. LYONS

what they all readily admitted—their lack of any special or even general qualifications for judging a film from the point of view of either ethics or art.

Captain Sheehan (then a lieutenant), who saw *The Game of Love* because he sees those films (and only those) which the civilian censors recommend banning, was the first member of the bureau to testify.

Q. Have you taken any courses subsequent to your high school?

A. No, sir.

Q. How many literature courses did you have during high school?

A. I don't remember.

Q. How many books on an average do you read a year?

A. That I couldn't say.

Q. Well, would you say it would be a dozen, two dozen?

A. No.

Q. It is somewhat less than that on an average?

A. Yes.

Q. How many plays do you attend each year?

A. Very few.

Q. Would you say one or two?

A. No.

Q. Have you—do you attend the art exhibits in Chicago?

A. No.

Q. Do you read the book review section of the Chicago *Tribune* or of any other newspapers?

A. No, sir.

Q. Have you ever read any of Colette's novels?

A. No sir, not to my knowledge.

Q. You had occasion to become familiar with the people who comprise the censor board? Do you know them?

A. Just as working with them.

Q. Are you aware of whether they are required to have any special qualifications to be appointed to this censorship board?

A. No, sir.

Q. Are any of them writers, do you know?

A. I wouldn't know.

Q. Are any of them recognized in other forms of art, such as, are any of them artists who have painted, or performed on the stage?

A. I wouldn't know.

Q. Are any of them that you know of—do any of them have any special literary qualifications?

A. I wouldn't know . . .

Q. . . . in the course of events is the producer of the film ever called in to explain ambiguities in the film?

A. No, sir.

Q. Is the distributor ever called in?

A. No, sir.

Q. Am I to understand that the procedure is that only these six people are in the room, and perhaps you, at the time the film is shown?

A. Yes.

Q. Does the distributor ever get a chance to present his views on the picture?

A. No, sir.

Q. Are other people's views invited, such as drama critics or movie reviewers or writers or artists of some kind? Or are they ever asked to comment on the film before the censor board makes its decision?

A. No, sir.

Q. In other words, it is these six people plus yourself in a relationship that we have not as yet defined who decide whether the picture conforms to the standards set up in the ordinance?

A. Yes, sir.

Q. Whatever those standards mean?

A. (There was no response).

The Master: The answer?

A. Yes, sir.

Mrs. O'Hallaren, a high school graduate who is the mother of five children and has been a censor since 1952, took the stand next:

Q. When the movie, *The Game of Love*, which is the subject matter of this suit, was presented, you were aware of who wrote the original book that the movie was adapted from?

A. No. I am just trying to tell you the truth. I knew nothing about the movie. I knew nothing about the producer, or writer, nor owner of the picture. It doesn't mean a thing to me.

After Mrs. O'Hallaren answered "yes" when asked if the film is obscene and immoral, Mr. Mikva inquired:

Q. In your definition of the word "pornographic" or "pornography," do you think this film came within that definition?

A. What is your definition?

Q. I said, within *your* definition?

A. I have none.

Q. Do you know the meaning of the word "pornographic"?

A. No.

The interrogation became more specific:

Q. When you say "bothered" do you think that that would have aroused your sexual instincts?

A. Yes, I think I would have walked out.

Q. Well, just a minute. You would have walked out?

A. Yes.

Q. Would that have been because it was offensive or disgusting or because it was arousing your sexual instincts?

A. Everything as a whole.

Q. Do you think it would arouse the sexual instincts of anybody who saw it that is not used to it?

A. Yes, sir.

Q. If I told you that it did not arouse my sexual instincts, would that be a surprise to you?

A. I don't know you.

Q. If I told you that it did not arouse me sexually—

A. I was a little embarrassed. We all have a certain sense of modesty. You just don't feel lady-like.

Q. Is that the same thing as sexual instincts, sexual modesty?

A. No, no, no.

Q. If I changed those questions to use the words "sexual desires" rather than "sexual instincts" would your answers be the same?

A. My, you are really going—oh, brother!

Attorney Mikva kept asking the witnesses for their definition of a classic, which resulted in the following exchange with censor Joyce:

A. From my viewpoint, it is fine literature, handed down from generation to generation as a reference for good literature.

Q. How old do you say it has to be before it becomes a classic?

A. Most of them, as you know, were written in the 18th century.

Her reason for the ban:

Q. Why did you reject *The Game of Love*?

A. There were many reasons. I rejected it because of—my paramount reason for rejecting it was, it was not a picture, it was a sort of story. It did not have a plot. It was a story which began with a sex leaning by adolescents, and carried on to an elderly woman, who plied the boy, first with wine, then remarks, and talked to him when he brought the letter that was from her husband, who could only write. As it came out in the picture, the implication was that he was terribly old or ill, in other words that as a husband he was not. It carried on, and she gave the boy wine, seduced him, used him as a whim, and in the picture made the act of seduction only a summer interlude. The picture, because of American standards, and I brought in American standards, because that is where I live, according to the American standards our standards are a little higher standards. It is a bad power of suggestion. It could register in the mind of young people, and adolescents, as they looked at it on the screen, and looked at it as a part of entertainment, would ask what is wrong with it. If it was something wrong, it would not be glamorized.

Continued questioning led to this:

Q. Has anyone, and by "anyone" I mean Commissioner O'Connor or Lt. Sheehan or the corporation counsel or anyone from the corporation counsel's

office ever instructed you as to what standards you were to apply in censoring movies?

A. No. The code was my authority.

Q. In other words, the words that you see in the code?

A. The words that I see, and my interpretation of those words.

Mr. Mikva next questioned Mrs. McGill, who after describing herself as "middle-aged" justified this, explaining that she was 29 years old.

Q. Let me ask you this: Do you think the picture has any artistic value?

A. What do you mean, from the standpoint of production or photography?

Q. What do *you* mean?

A. I think it has very little artistic—

Q. Do you think that the photography was good?

A. If I am supposed to judge, am I supposed to judge the photography of that picture?

Q. I am asking you.

A. I am talking about the contents of the story.

Q. Do you think the photography was good?

A. Oh, yes.

Q. Did you consider it?

A. It is something that I should say you don't consider.

Q. You don't consider photography?

A. No.

Q. Do you think the acting was good?

A. Yes, I do.

Q. You think the acting was good?

A. Yes, I think it was good . . .

Q. Do you think the story was well told?

A. It conveyed, to my impression, that plot.

Q. You think there was a plot in this movie?

A. Based on sex emotion, sex participation.

Four censors, although they banned the movie, said it did not tend to arouse their sexual desires. Mrs. Greenspan distinguished between herself as a private individual, and as a movie censor:

Q. Answer the question, does the movie, *Game of Love*, arouse your sexual desires?

A. In my position as a movie censor, I would say it did . . . The older woman . . . Her affair with the young boy, that got me.

Q. When you say it 'got you,' what do you mean by that?

A. I know I have to go back to 'it shocked me.' It did tend to arouse my sex desires . . .

Q. Suppose I told you that the picture, *The Game of Love*, had shown 15 months in the city of New York, and played to full houses, and that during that period, and subsequent to that period, there had been no appreciable increase of illicit love, or rapes, would that make any difference to you?

A. No, when I got the position I was told to call them as I see them. That is how my vote has been. I have no control over what would happen in New York or in Chicago. As far as I am concerned, I call them the way I see them.

Mrs. Greenspan and the next witness, Mrs. Jorgensen, disagreed about obscenity. Mrs. Greenspan:

Q. Does it necessarily, within your meaning of obscenity, to be within your definition of obscenity, have to arouse passion?

A. More or less, yes.

Q. Could something be obscene that did not affect the sex passion or the physical desires?

A. I would not say so.

Mrs. Jorgensen:

Q. Does it have to arouse your sexual behavior to be obscene?

A. No, it does not.

Q. Something not having to do with sex could be obscene?

A. Yes, to me.

The last witness was the Commissioner, who was frank in making it plain that, while accepting full responsibility, he acted as censor only by remote control:

Q. Commissioner, you attend plays in the city of Chicago once in a while?

A. I am sorry, it is a long time since I have seen a play.

Q. Do you attend motion pictures?

A. Not since television.

Q. You watch movies on television and so on?

A. Prizefights mostly.

About *The Game of Love*, the Commissioner had no doubts:

A. . . . I have found that picture is immoral and is the type of picture that does arouse the sexual desires of normal people.

Q. Of normal people?

A. I consider myself normal, yes, sir.

Q. If I were to tell you that four of the five censors who testified here stated that it did not arouse their sexual passions, would you say that they are not normal?

A. No. I wouldn't know what they are with regard to that particular statement.

Q. If I were to state to you that it did not arouse the sexual passions of any of the people who reviewed the movie in other cities, would you say that they are abnormal?

A. I wouldn't know under what conditions the pictures were shown or who viewed them, and I wouldn't know the people. I know that I saw it; I know that it is immoral; and I know that it did arouse my sexual passions.

The Game of Love is based on a novel, *Le Ble en Herbe*, by the late Colette, who supervised its production. It won the grand prize of the French film industry, and the diploma of merit of the Edinburgh film festival. It has played in about 150 localities in the United States and has been almost universally praised by reviewers.

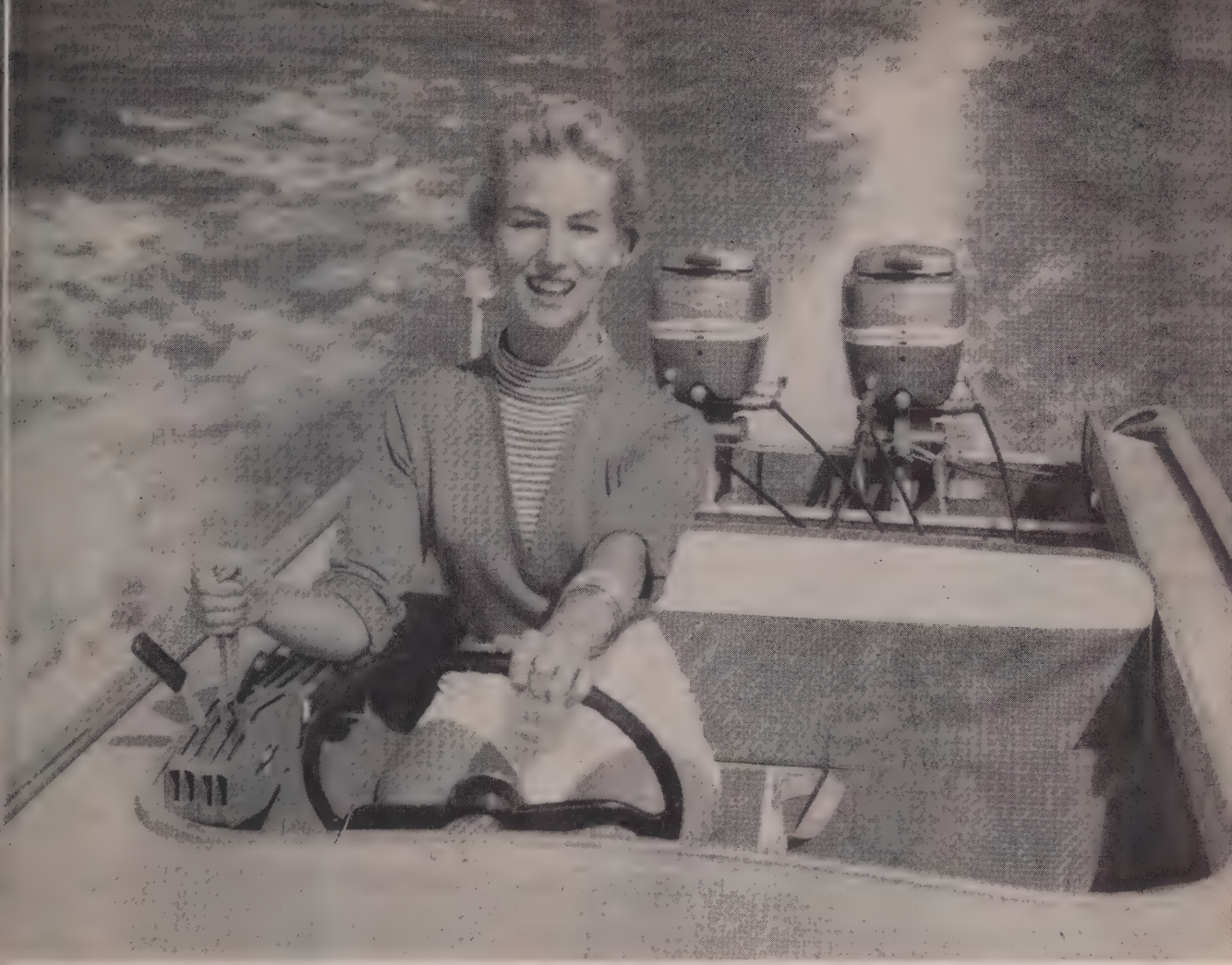
During the course of his interrogation, Commissioner O'Connor remarked:

"I will confess that I am not much of an artist. I am a policeman." ▬

A Jukebox Blues

When the mixmaster merchant with the mass vocabulary
Took his sportshirt with a sawbuck from the cleaners
All the night joints had tuckpointers on itinerary
Drop in with decorators; and chefs with hot potatoes
Got ready for the evening of the merchant's reservation
And his girl with harlequins got hair-did with elation
And the shine boy glossed him with a gas flame shine
And an artist handpainted him a tie of true design
And extra men for orchestras checked in with music stewards
To buzz with better basses and clarify with clarinets
The heartbeats of the diners on filets well-unskewered.
The couple ate and danced; the merchant paid and paid;
And the teasers were terrific with their tease and cues;
And when his date got home she said goodnight and went in
And the fluent flattened merchant cried out against his jinxes
That he was a master of mixers but never a master of minxes.

—Reuel Denney



The Fundamentals Of Putt-Putting

A Guide for Outboard Lakefarers

by Phil Hirsch

What J. P. Morgan once said about the cost of owning a yacht still goes: "If you have to ask about it, sir, the price is beyond your means."

You can still whittle away a fortune buying, outfitting and operating a yacht. But something *is* different: today yachts are just one of the many pleasure boats on the market. More than 125,000 Cook county residents, for example, own their own outboard motors and cruise nearby lakes and rivers in boats which cost less than $500 initially and require no more than $100 a year for upkeep and operation.

At this year's National Boat show, February 3-12, the Amphitheater will be bustling with outboard enthusiasts. In Cook county, where outboarding provides an easy escape from stifling summer heat, the number of outboard owners has increased four times, and the number of boats three times, since 1946. One South Side putt-putter explains:

"It used to take me at least two hours to drive the family to a decent

Extra horsepower motor is needed to dump water skiiers into the lake.

Surf-riding without surf is provided by "water skimmer," a kind of single ski that's pushed instead of pulled, staying afloat without benefit of hull.

Extra horsepower is needed for pulling skiiers, even if they aren't going to be dumped in the lake. Smaller motors suffice for non-violent sports like fishing.

picnic site. The forest preserves are closer, but overcrowded on Sunday. Wherever you go, you fight traffic all the way. The heat is almost as bad as it is at home, and there are enough insects to make you wish you'd never started out.

"But with the outboard, we're relaxing on the Calumet river 15 minutes after we leave home. A few feet from shore, the temperature is at least ten degrees lower than on land, and there are no bugs or crowds."

Boating clubs which schedule varied weekend fishing-sightseeing expeditions throughout the season (May 15-October 15) have institutionalized the sport. Amateur explorers can tow their boats to Savannah, 150 miles away, for a 100-mile trip up the Mississippi to Prairie du Chien in Wisconsin (according to one outboarder, "there is more scenery in 50 miles of Mississippi shoreline than in 2,000 miles of highway") or travel west from Oshkosh, Wisconsin on Lake Winnebago via the Wolf river and the Butte des Morts, Winneconne and Poygan lakes. Other favorites: the Fox Lake chain in northern Illinois; cruises around Chicago via the Calumet river, the lake, the Chicago river and the Cal-Sag channel; and for the very hardy, trips on Lake Michigan to Saugatuck, St. Joe and Muskegon.

WOMEN TAKE TO OUTBOARDING with passion and aplomb. Last summer, a young lady who spends her weekdays in a Michigan avenue ad agency took first against ten men in the "estimated log derby." (The pilot gambles on how long it will take him to get around a given watercourse, leaves his watch on shore and races against his own estimate. At the mercy of wind, current, wakes and other variables, only the consummate boater can win).

A grey-haired grandmother who outboarded up the Mississippi with her boating club a few years ago ran into motor trouble miles from the nearest repair yard. Disdaining aid, she rowed to shore, replaced a broken shear pin and was under way 15 minutes later.

Sailors with wanderlust might follow the example set last year by a couple who, with their three teenagers, took a 500-mile trip around the Lake of the Ozarks, or learn from Bill Collins, a Rockford lawyer, who travelled 5,000 miles by outboard during the past four years, accompanied by his two young sons. His most ambitious trip to date: from Morris to New York city, a distance of 2,000 miles, via the Great Lakes and appropriate rivers.

Outboarding, however, adapts nicely either to the latter-day Columbus or to tired businessmen looking for a floating sunporch. Whether you have a yen for long distance, or a simple urge to kill Sunday afternoon ennui, there is a boat for the purpose. Before visiting the showroom, however, there are two things to decide: what the boat will be used for, and how much weight is going into it.

OUTBOARD HULLS generally follow two patterns. The first, the "planing" hull, will provide more speed (and less stability) for a given size motor, passenger and cargo load than the second, the "displacement" hull. The planing hull skims the water and is especially well-suited to waterskiing and aquaplaning. The displacement hull, however, sits further down in the water and holds more freight as a rule, making it a favorite for fishing and cruising.

Hulls are made by joining strips of wood together, or by bending sheets of plywood, plastic, aluminum or galvanized steel around a framework. Strip-built hulls are either natural wood (usually cedar) or plywood, and follow two lines of construction:

the "lapstreak" (or "clinker") hull which is built with overlapping strips, and the "carvel" hull which is created from strips butted together, like the planks in a living room floor. The latter, one of the lowest-priced hulls on the market, is highly susceptible to leaks.

Inherently more watertight, lapstreaks are more expensive than carvels. In general, the lapstreak hull is said to provide greater stability in the water than either carvels or molded hulls because its overlapping construction tends to prevent the boat from tipping. Molded hulls, however, since they have no seams, are as a rule watertight.

All types of hulls offer advantages and drawbacks. Many wood hulls must be scraped, caulked and painted once a season. Plastic hulls tend to chip and crack. And steel hulls, although cheaper than carvels, are considered by purists less attractive than the others. And all hulls tend to vibrate under motor noise.

Manufacturers have been able to overcome some of the drawbacks in many cases. Foam rubber motor mounts, for example, which deaden much of the vibration, have been developed for aluminum hulls, and various types of interior supports now are built into wood hulls to help prevent their seams from opening.

Outboards are available in lengths from seven to 20 feet. Those ten feet and under are called "dinghies"; "runabouts" may be ten to 16 feet long, and anything over 16 feet that carries installed bunks and cooking facilities is called a cruiser. (Don't accept these definitions too literally, however. Boat manufacturers have been known to advertise dinghies as runabouts and runabouts as cruisers.)

"The longer a boat is, the more it costs"—not a flat rule but generally true. Because of the variation in interior design, hull finish, chrome "hardware" and other factors, there is quite a bit of price variation for each length. One well-known manufacturer, for example, offers a 14-foot carvel type hull for $275 to $400; the same make and model in a formed plywood hull costs between $300 and $425. You can buy a 14-foot, galvanized steel outboard hull for $200 to $300; with an aluminum hull the boat is $275 to $500; in plastic, $450 to $600; and a plywood lapstreak costs between $525 and $600. The price of a plywood dinghy is around $100; cruisers range from $600 or $700 to $2,000 or $3,000.

Be sure to look for the certification plate, issued by the Outboard Boating Club, when choosing a hull. Those on better boats show the maximum number of passengers that can be carried, or the capacity in pounds. (The second figure is more reliable since passengers vary in weight, and boaters will want to include fuel and cargo too.)

THE CARDINAL RULE of outboarding is: select the boat before selecting the motor. Motors are available in sizes as small as 1.5 horsepower and as large as 75 horsepower. Size and design of the hull impose strict limits on horsepower and the plate usually indicates what those limits are. But keep in mind some general rules for motor buying. For fishing, the minimum-sized motor specified will do. Cruising requires more power, and still more power is necessary for waterskiing, aquaplaning or long cruises. A 14-foot boat, for example, will probably need 7½-10 horsepower for fishing, 10-15 for short cruises and 15 or more for water sports. Stock motors are available in sizes from 3-30 horsepower.

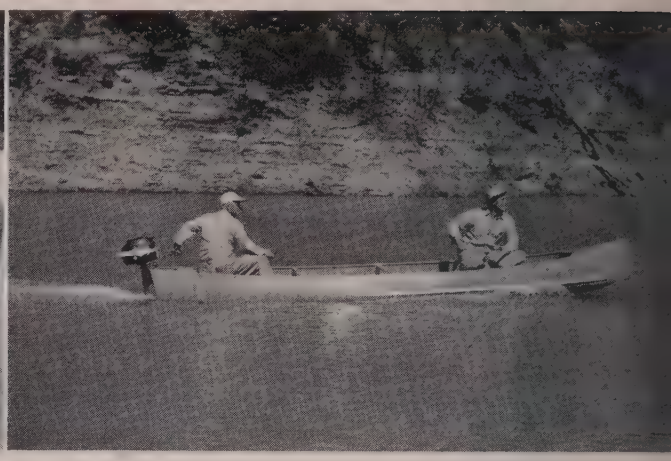
With a reputable dealer and well-known brands, there should be little trouble in obtaining a reliable motor. Make sure it has a gear shift in order to start in neutral. Without it, the pilot will take off like a bucking bronco. Years ago, before gear shifts became common, more than one novice ended his maiden voyage on a pier sitting atop a pile of kindling wood that had been worth several hundred dollars only a few minutes before.

Be sure the motor isn't too cumbersome or heavy. It will have to be carried off when the boat is being towed to water or put in storage. There is little weight variation in different makes of motor of given horsepower, but quite a bit of difference in the size and position of grips. Hefting the motor in the dealer's showroom will give a rough idea of portability, but don't forget that the fuel tank is now empty, and thus ten to 20 pounds lighter than it will be in service.

Stock outboards are started by pulling a cord wrapped around a flywheel. Some require as much as 70

Evidence that the outboard has arrived as a major commercial product: Press agents have given this one curved companions and an unlikely function. The girls are supposed to be using it to bake a cake, or mix cement or something.

Sylvan glens and other isolated paradises can be reached by obtaining a boat and a motor and fleeing the auto-borne throng. Right: A new all-aluminum canoe has a blunt end to accommodate a motor and permit trolling for lake and river denizens.



pounds of force to get them off.

A 3 h.p. motor, which weighs about 30 pounds, costs close to $150; 5 h.p. models weight 40-50 pounds and are priced at about $200. Ten h.p. motors are about $100 more, and 25 pounds heavier. A 30 h.p. motor is priced between $450 and $550 and weighs 110 to 130 pounds. Two people carry this one, or employ a motor dolly.

By increasing the weight of a motor 25 pounds, and investing an additional $100, a push-button electric starter can be substituted for the pull cord. Remote controls can be installed, and cost between $35 and $85. The higher price will make boating like driving a car: steering is in the front seat with a wheel instead of in the back with a tiller; and starter, choke and other controls are mounted on a dashboard instead of on the motor housing.

Boaters will probably need a trailer to move the hull and the motor to and from water, and that will add $125. Running lights (needed for nighttime cruising), horn, life jackets and fire extinguisher cost about $100. All-risk insurance is priced at about four dollars for each $100 of valuation. A maintenance check once a year will run from $7.50 to $20.

THE BOAT CAN BE STORED in an owner's garage or yard if either affords the space. Otherwise he must pay for storage. Theoretically, if the boat is 14 feet or longer, he can tie up at a park district slip off 59th street for $25-$50 a season. Outdoor storage facilities (known as "marinas") are provided in Fox Lake and several other suburbs for the same amount. Many outboarders who keep their boats at home during the season buy warehouse space from city marine dealers during the winter. Charges run about one dollar a foot per month.

Outboard motors use standard automobile gasoline; the oil is specially formulated, but costs about the same as car oil. Fuel consumption is naturally related to the size, load and average speed of the boat, plus condition of the motor. In general, you can expect to use a little over a gallon an hour and one pint of oil is required normally for every gallon of gas. Outboarders say you can cruise every weekend for a whole season on less than $50 worth of fuel.

Operating an outboard is far simpler than driving. Most weekend mariners will find all the instruction they need in a 15-page booklet called *Outboard Handling*, available free from some dealers or from the Outboard Boating Club of America (370 north Michigan).

The only thing the booklet doesn't cover is the war between the outboarders and the park district. The conflict, which rages around the question whether or not there are facilities on the city's lakefront to store and launch small boats, has assumed in recent years the proportions of a debate between Molotov and Dulles.

To get an outboard into the water, an inclined launching ramp is necessary, together with parking space for the car and trailer. The park district's director of special service, Erwin Weiner, points to the ramps at Diversey, at Jackson park and at Burnham park harbors as evidence that the needs of outboarders are being met.

Outboarders disagree—violently—charging that (1) they have to wait two hours or more to use the ramp at Diversey, and (2) they can't find a place to park. At 59th street, they complain, the boat must be pushed 30 or 40 feet into the water before it can float. Pushing the boat in risks damaging it on the rocks that cover the lake bottom.

Weiner agrees that additional outboard moorings would be desirable. He admits that mooring applications increase in number each year, but he insists that the 100 slips at 59th street are adequate to handle all applications to date. And he points out that unless millions of dollars are spent to build additional harbors, there's just no more room to store small boats. These millions, he adds, would benefit far more citizens if invested in street lights and similar improvements.

Outboarders counter angrily that Weiner would be overwhelmed with mooring applications if the park district had not broken the spirit of small boat owners. Further, they contend, more slips could be built in existing city harbors, and the cost would be far less than the park district estimates. At any rate, within the next few years, they predict, the problem will become crucial because the purchasing trend is toward cruisers, which are difficult to put on trailers. (Weiner's retort to this: "It's all a dealers' campaign to sell more boats.")

At present, many enraged outboarders are boycotting the lakefront launching sites entirely. They put their boats into the water at private ramps on the Calumet river, or drive to Fox Lake. At least one outboard club is planning to build its own marina on the Calumet. A terse outboarder comment: "It's a hell of a note to live so close to all that water and have so much trouble using it."

"But," he adds "you'll notice that I'm not selling my boat!" ■

Sea cucumbers and squid soup are also on the menu

Soup from the Cliffs of South China

by Richard Dunlop

On a windy evening not long ago A. K. Leong, president of the Chinese Consolidated Benevolent association, strode into the Guey Yee restaurant on west Cermak road in pursuit of authentic Cantonese cooking. He took the host's traditional seat, opposite us, on the south side of the table nearest the door. His wife sat at his side. Throughout the simply decorated room, enlivened only by framed Chinese scrolls, heads nodded in respectful greeting to him.

Mr. Leong erupted into vigorous Chinese speech, and the bird's nest soup was brought in from the kitchen where Jing Lee, first chef, had been preparing it for several days. Bits of gelatin floated about in the soup with egg flecks and shreds of ham. Mr. Leong surveyed the flavorful dish with an expression which made eloquent the ancient Chinese proverb, "Work may be hastened but not eating."

"In the summertime, the swallows fly out from the cliffs," said Mr. Leong. "They dip down to the water and gather the meat of small fish and a seaweed. They mix these with their saliva to form a gelatin and make a nest of it for the winter. Ah, we Chinese like the seaweed too, and at first we went out into the sea for it, but now we climb along the cliffs and gather the swallows' nests. They are rich in iodine and protein. Have you ever seen a Chinese with a goiter? You never will!"

Mr. Leong breathed in the subtle flavor of the exquisite soup. "It is hard to get the birds' nests since the Reds have come," he says, "But there are places along the coast south of China where the same birds nest on cliffs. Some nests—not enough—are found. But they are so expensive in America now!"

A young Chinese came hurrying in behind Oscar Yat, the ebullient owner of the Guey Yee. He carried dishes of exotic foods. There was white fish steamed with dry black olives from China, black beans, red dates, ginger, onions, scallions and soy sauce. Chopped beef with minced Chinese string beans flavored with onions and soy sauce was heaped high in one bowl. One platter held lobster, known to the Chinese as dragon shrimp, cooked in south Chinese style with a sauce consisting of garlic, black beans, eggs and chopped meat.

Before each of us was placed the bowl of rice without which no Cantonese meal is complete. After all, the Chinese say, dinner without rice is like a pretty girl with one eye.

MRS. LEONG SERVED us from the bowls. This was not the Chinese way, of course, but to make up for the Americanism we all pitched in valiantly with chopsticks. Mr. Leong deftly picked up a piece of white fish with his sticks and threw it cleanly into his mouth. Chinese do not actually put the chopsticks into the mouth as westerners do forks. When chopsticks failed on the lobster, fingers took over.

"Do you notice how the olive and the ginger take away the fish flavor?" asked Mr. Leong. "Sometimes we add mushrooms."

Other talk was about cooking too.

"The food must be fresh, the flavoring right and the cutting of the meat and vegetables properly done, and always be sure you cook with the proper-sized utensil. It gives plenty of room to stir the ingredients.

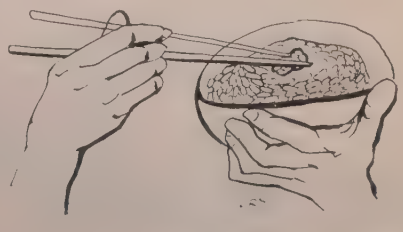
"Hundred-year-old eggs? Never that old, of course! In fact they are best when they are only about a hundred days old."

Above all, it was agreed that cooking should not be hastened.

"Fuel may be cheap," a Chinese saying goes, "But you need not burn the bottom of your pot."

Tea came in for much loving comment.

"A man who loves tea has learned to live," said Mr. Leong as he sipped his own blend of Formosa black and oolong. "It's a shame that Americans take an oolong tea and steep it until it is black and bitter. It should be light and clear; then you could appreciate it. I think you make your tea not by the taste but by the way it looks! Everything to you must have



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the same shade of color, but what can you do with jasmine tea? It should be a fragrant pale yellow. Lungsoo is green. They are good teas too."

Mrs. Leong told how she brews her tea.

"Take a tablespoon for an average-sized pot and pour boiling water over the leaves. Allow the tea to steep for five minutes, but never boil the tea leaves. Never scour a teapot. Rinse it out with hot water."

WHEN THE EXCELLENT dinner was finished and the almond cookies were disappearing rapidly, the talk turned to other Chinese restaurants where genuine Cantonese cooking could be had. (There are no northern style Chinese restaurants in Chicago although the outstanding chef at the Shangri-La can be persuaded to cook a northern meal if it is requested some days in advance.)

In Chinatown there are the Won Kow, Guey Sam and Chiam. Mee Hong, also in Chinatown, while not as enterprising in its culinary offerings, preserves a traditional family style of serving which makes it an interesting place to visit. Ong Lok Yun, the Bamboo Inn and Hoe Kow are among the Loop restaurants the Chinese prefer. Tai Sam Yon on 63rd street, handy to South Siders, is a Chinese restaurant of the first rank; and Pekin House on

Devon avenue and the Rice Bowl on Broadway are easily accessible to North Siders. If a gourmet, bent on the finest Chinese cooking, calls one of these restaurants a few days in advance and tells the manager just exactly what he wants, he can have anything ranging from sea cucumbers or squid soup to Peking duck. Diners do well to avoid restaurants that prefer to stick to chop suey and chow mein.

It is a good idea, in any case, to pay a visit to a good Chinese restaurant during the week when it is not likely to be crowded as on weekends. Thorough attention will be given to the preparation of your meal. After all, Chinese cooking of the first quality is a fine art requiring consummate skill and great care. It cannot be done under pressure, and, consequently, even the best Chinese restaurants fluctuate in quality. On week nights they are likely to be at their best. ▬

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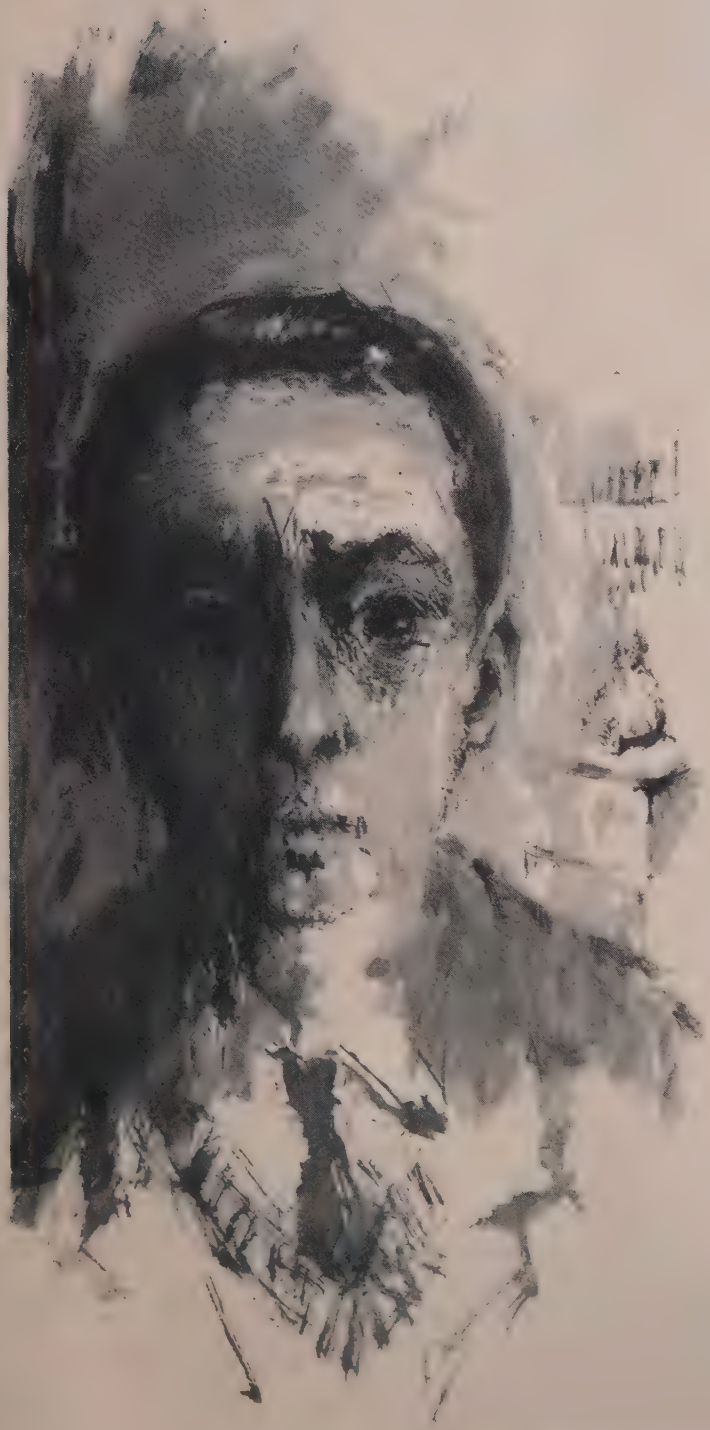

illustrated by Art Lerner

"When a man writes four good books, I figure the world owes him fifty bucks and no questions asked."

a story
by Paul M. Angle

Mr. Brush to see you, sir," came the voice of the receptionist. "Shall I send him up?"

"Yes," said the librarian.

"The stairs or the elevator?"

"Stairs," he answered. He didn't want to make it too easy.

While the librarian waited for his visitor, he recalled what he had heard a few days earlier. In the barber shop he had sat next to Merkle, the editor of the National Encyclopedia, and they had talked as the barbers worked.

"Has Brush been in to see you yet?" Merkle had asked.

"No."

"Well, he'll be dropping in one of these days. And you'd better be ready for him, because he'll want to make a touch."

"What's happened to him? I thought he had a job in some college out west."

"Only a temporary appointment," Merkle said, "And they won't rehire him. You know he's always been a screwball, and for the last three or four years he's been drinking like a fish. I gave him some work last summer at space rates, but I had a hell of a time with him. Usually he'd show up a week after the deadline, on the verge of the d.t.'s, with a wild tale about ptomaine poisoning or something of the kind. But just when

I'd have my mind made up to fire him, he'd be in on time, with his stuff done perfectly. And you know there's nobody who can write better than he can. Even encyclopedia articles."

"What makes you think he'll be back this summer?" the librarian asked.

"He always strikes for Chicago. He knows he can do a few newspaper reviews, and he thinks I'll give him some stuff. And God knows why I should, but I'll probably be fool enough to do it . . . Well," Merkle concluded, slipping on his coat, "See you soon."

With Merkle gone, and the barber blessedly silent, the librarian thought about Brush. It was *The Emotional Era,* published a dozen years earlier, that had first made him aware of Stephen Brush. The book was original —a segment of American social history in which the author's full scholarship was set off delightfully by wit, irony and the grace of his writing. He had looked up Brush's earlier books—three of them. None was quite up to *The Emotional Era,* but all were good, and each was better than its predecessor. Together, they were an impressive performance for a man who at that time had barely turned 30.

Shortly afterward, he had noticed a review signed "Stephen Brush" in one of the scholarly quarterlies. Against plodding prose and the patronizing implications of reviewers that Professor So-and-So had done about as well as could have been expected but that of course they could have done infinitely better if they had had a mind to, Brush's review flashed like sunlight breaking through gray clouds. His phrases sparkled, his comments were sound and perceptive. On an impulse, the librarian wrote him a note of felicitations. Brush replied with just the right degree of appreciation, and expressed the hope that they would have an opportunity to meet before long.

They did. A year or so later they were both attending one of the annual meetings that scholars seem to consider an essential part of their calling. Somehow Brush learned that the librarian was there, telephoned him in his room and asked whether he might come up.

The librarian remembered that meeting. The man was unimpressive —short, slender, carelessly dressed in cheap, poorly chosen clothes. Eyes abnormally large and protuberant were set in a flushed face. Long black hair was combed straight back and plastered down without a part. As far as one could tell from his appearance, he might have been a soda jerk, except that the soda jerk would have been better dressed. Only his voice gave any indication that he might be a man of unusual capacities. That was deep, beautifully resonant and marked by a tremolo that was explained in the slight twitching of his hands.

Brush talked well. His words were carefully but not obviously chosen, his sentences as perfectly formed as if he were writing them. The two men spoke of books, of mutual friends, of the futility of gatherings such as that which they were attending. But neither was at ease. Nothing struck the spark that lights a friendship. After half an hour, Brush left. The librarian had not seen him since.

But he had heard of him from time to time. Brush had left the university where he had been teaching for several years. Fired, rumor had it, after some kind of ruckus with the president. He was married and quickly divorced. Once he wrote the librarian for a letter of recommendation to a department head whom they both knew. The letter was sent and acknowledged with rather fulsome praise of the applicant, but someone else was appointed. The librarian saw occasional reviews, and it was from one of these that he learned that Brush had been on the faculty of the western college.

HE HEARD BRUSH COME into the outer office, but instead of going to meet him, he went through the formal rigamarole, allowing his secretary to announce that Mr. Brush was waiting, and then asking her to show him in. He greeted his visitor cordially, seated him and began a friendly but desultory conversation. Brush confirmed what Merkle had already told him—that his appointment at Missoula had been temporary, and that he was looking for another place.

"You know," he said, "I think I did rather well there, and I'm sure they would have been glad to have me stay if Maxon weren't returning from the army. At any rate, the president gave me a good letter of recommendation."

He reached into his pocket, brought out an envelope, and produced a letter already somewhat wrinkled and soiled. Before the librarian had read more than two sentences, he knew it for what it was. He had written the same letter himself; he had read it a dozen times. Smooth, commendatory, it was planned to deceive only the man whom it concerned. On the surface it said that Mr. Brush's work had been eminently satisfactory and that they saw him go with deep regret; to the initiated it read: "On the whole, we're glad to be rid of this fellow; take him on at your own risk."

"A nice letter," he commented. "You shouldn't have too much trouble landing something pretty good this fall."

"Oh, I'll have to hunt around a bit, I suppose. I'll have some competition from the little boys who've learned just how Professor Big Head likes to have his behind kissed, but enough of these fellows are still in the army to give an outsider a chance. I'll connect, all right."

"What are you going to do in the meantime?" the librarian asked.

"What I did last summer—get a job at Johnston's as a night counterman, and do some writing during the day. Merkle will have something for me, and Jackson at the *Post* says that he can give me a review every two or three weeks."

While Brush talked, the librarian studied him. Merkle was right, he said to himself—the man's a wreck. Brush's clothes looked as if he had slept in them, his shirt, frayed at cuffs and collar, must have been at least three days on his back. The tremulo in his voice had become almost a quaver, and his hands shook. Worst of all was his vividly scarlet face. The day was only warm, but sweat was soaking the fringes of his hair and dripping from his chin. Either he had a terrific hangover, or he was under almost unsupportable nervous pressure. Maybe both.

"That sounds like a pretty tough prospect," the librarian commented. "I shouldn't fancy a job behind one of Johnston's counters."

"On the contrary, I had the time of my life there last summer." Maybe it was only bravado, but he made it sound as if he meant it. "Bums, drunks, whores, cops, taxi-drivers—a gorgeous mixture. I learned more about my fellow human beings in three months than in all the other years of my life. I can't say that the knowledge was exactly ennobling, but it was a damned sight more exciting than what you find in the books. And on the whole, I'll take Mr. Johnston's patrons any day in preference to a lot of the eunuchs that infest college campuses."

By this time the sweat was oozing faster, dripping from wrists as well as chin. The librarian took pity, and decided not to wait longer.

"It will be a little time before you'll have any money coming in," he said casually. "Could I tide you over?"

Although he tried to make his reply equally off-hand, Brush could not keep his voice from shaking.

"Well, yes," he said. "If you don't mind, that would be easier then getting an advance from Merkle. His place is so tied up with red tape that

I was a little reluctant to propose it." The man's relief was naked.

"What will you need? Just name it."

"Will twenty be all right?"

"Of course, and more if you wish."

"I'll get paid in a few days, and twenty will see me through nicely. Thanks a lot, old man."

To show that a loan hadn't been the object of his visit, Brush talked for five minutes more before he left.

"Queer friends you've got," said the librarian's secretary after he had gone.

"He is a queer one," he replied, and then gave her a short account of Stephen Brush.

"The man's a genius," he concluded. "I knew he'd be in to make a touch, and I decided I'd let him have up to fifty dollars. I know he'll spend most of it for liquor, and I know I'll never see it again, but I don't give a damn. When a man writes four good books, the world certainly owes him fifty bucks and no questions asked. As it was, he was satisfied with twenty."

"You need a conservator," she said. But there was admiration in her eyes.

A FEW DAYS LATER he ran across Merkle.

"Brush was in," he announced.

"Of course. How much did he want?"

"Twenty. And I gave it to him."

"You're a damn fool. You'll never see it again."

"I know it, and I don't care. See here, Merkle,"—his voice took on intensity—"that fellow has written four good books. If I could do anything as good as *The Emotional Era* I'd be prouder than those peacocks in the Lincoln park zoo. I made up my mind the other day that I'd let him have up to fifty dollars. That isn't going to break me, and at least he can get drunk a few times on good whisky. That's small recognition of the kind of talent he's got."

"All right, have it your own way," Merkle replied, "But I still say you're a damn fool. In three days Brush will be that much closer to hell, and you're out twenty dollars. Who's ahead?"

"No one. You're right, of course, but I feel better for having let him have it."

Brush made his second visit a week later. This time the librarian saw to it that he waited 20 minutes in the outer office. Merkle had been right again—he was several days closer to hell. He was wearing the same suit, now more bedraggled than ever, and his linen was dirtier than before. Sweat poured from his skin faster than he could mop it up with a soiled and crumpled handkerchief. His hands shook so that the librarian had to hold a match for his cigarette. Anyone could see that he had been drunk most of the time since their last meeting.

The librarian made his visitor carry the conversation.

"I thought you might like to see some work I'm doing for Merkle," Brush said with what was intended to be nonchalance, "And perhaps you can help me with these." He handed over several galley proofs.

"Fast work," his host commented. "You've only been here a few days."

"Oh, these aren't mine," Brush explained. "These are articles as they stand now. I've got to revise them and bring them up to date. I thought you might suggest a few things I wouldn't be familiar with. The library at Missoula wasn't worth a damn, and I know that I've slipped up on work that has been published in the last year or two."

The librarian scanned the proofs while Brush mopped his face. He named two or three books, and an article in a recent issue of a scholarly journal.

"That's enough," said Brush. "If I'm not careful I'll be doing research, and this stuff isn't worth it. You know the definition of research, don't you? Use one book and you plagiarize; use two and you paraphrase; use three and that's research!" He laughed. The librarian was reminded of a boy trying, by talk, to avert punishment which he knows is coming.

"How's the counter job?" He changed the subject.

"There I had a tough break," Brush answered. "I went to Johnston's after I saw you. Sure, they'd be glad to have me again. But since last summer they've instituted medical examinations. The minute the doctor saw this"—holding out a trembling hand—"he refused to pass me. I tried to tell

him that I have the tremors only when I'm nervous, as I was then, but it was no use."

"What now?"

"I don't know, but something will turn up." Brush's tone was as airy as he could make it, but his hands were shaking violently.

The librarian had intended to make him ask for it this time, but he relented.

"You'll need some more money, won't you?" he asked.

"Just enough for a few days—I'll get something from Merkle next week. I don't want to impose on you . . ."

"Quite all right. Will twenty do?"

Brush pocketed the bill, thanked him and left at once. There was no use in pretending that he had come for any other purpose.

"How much this time?" said the librarian's secretary.

"Another twenty."

"You're crazy."

He smiled.

TEN DAYS PASSED before the next visit. This time, when Brush was announced, he went to the outer office to meet him.

"I'm sorry, Brush," he said coldly, "But I'm terribly busy this morning. What is it, money?"

"Yes."

Except for a word of thanks, nothing more was said. Both men knew that this was the last loan.

Weeks afterward the librarian happened to be in Poland's book shop late one afternoon. There would be no more customers that day, so Poland produced a bottle of Scotch. The talk ran to western Americana.

"Do you happen to know Stephen Brush?" asked Ed Raymond, one of Poland's best customers who was staying for a drink. "I picked up his book on the western mapmakers a few days ago. It's good."

"He's here in Chicago right now," Poland offered. "I understand he's just about gone to hell. Drinking himself to death. I don't know what the trouble is. He wrote a string of excellent books and then hit the skids. I've been afraid all summer that he'd come in and want some money. He may be in yet."

"He took me," the librarian volunteered. "Well, no, that isn't quite the way to put it. When I heard that he was in town I was sure that he would be around, so I made up my mind I'd let him have up to fifty dollars. I said to myself that I had wasted fifty dollars a good many times, and that once more wouldn't matter. And anybody who has written four good books can have fifty dollars of my money anytime—once, anyhow. Well, it took him three visits to get the fifty. Sure, I knew that he'd spend it for whisky, and that I'd never get it back. I didn't care then, and I don't care now. That's a small tribute to pay to genius." He spoke quietly, evenly, but with feeling.

"I guess you're right," said Poland. "Maybe I'd have done the same thing, maybe I wouldn't have. I'm glad he didn't put me to the test."

Rita Poland poured another drink, and the conversation drifted to other subjects.

ONE MORNING, THE following October, the librarian's secretary handed him a letter marked "Personal." The envelope bore the return address of a small college in Tennessee. He opened it, idly wondering who could be writing to him from there. Inside he found a blank sheet of paper and a check for 50 dollars, signed by Stephen Brush.

For long seconds he sat motionless, staring at the check. Then he whispered:

"God damn Stephen Brush." ▬

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As We Were

75 YEARS AGO. It got so cold in February, 1881, that there was a continuous sheet of ice between the shore and the water crib in the lake, permitting and necessitating delivery of supplies by horse and sleigh . . . Aldermen were paid legally for the first time, as the city council passed an ordinance granting them three dollars for each of its meetings they attended . . . Louis Grumme committed compound suicide by slashing an artery in his left wrist, taking poison and then hanging himself. Friends said he had been disturbed because his soap factory on North avenue was getting more business than it could handle and he didn't want to gamble on expansion.

50 YEARS AGO. Congress made the first appropriation for construction of the Great Lakes Naval Training station in February, 1906 . . . A 60-pound bust of Mayor Edward F. Dunne was carved in butter for display at the National Dairy and Pure Food show in the Coliseum . . . A doe escaped from the Lincoln Park zoo and ran down Clark street to the Loop. It was finally lassoed at Lake and Dearborn after a fire engine had been placed across the street to block its flight . . . Plans were announced for a seven-story apartment building at Elm and Lake Shore whose luxurious appointments would include an elevator taking cars to private garages on every floor.

25 YEARS AGO. In February, 1931, Mayor William Hale Thompson began his campaign for renomination by holding a parade with a horse as his own symbol and a burro and a mule representing his two chief rivals in the Republican primary . . . The National Broadcasting company transferred 50 network radio programs here from New York, bringing to 200 the number of its national shows originating in Chicago . . . Rudy Vallee came to town and was greeted by 100 girl members of the Vallee Vagabond fan club, as well as a 25-piece band led by James C. Petrillo . . . Mrs. Allen Brey of Glencoe put two Evanston traffic cops under citizen arrest for running a red light in a squad car.

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Clothes Bowl Game

AT NORTHWESTERN

by Alan Whitney

Reggie Dombek was generally acknowledged to be the prettiest contestant, but judging was based solely on appropriate presentation of clothes. Northwest Side blonde was Miss Chicago of 1954.

Barbara Birkelund, assistant fashion promotion coordinator at Bramson's, spent a long evening registering models and their wardrobe choices.

If objective pursuit of truth is still a mission of the nation's colleges, that fact has been concealed from the people who write their songs. These anthems make the collective claim that every alma mater can lick all of the other fostering mothers; that the sons of each are truer bluer than their contemporaries on rival campuses. One of the rare approaches to fact in this literature occurs where the point is made that Northwestern university's forte is the female.

There has never been any doubt that Evanston coeds constitute a first rate anatomical array. Only recently, however, have the girls further distinguished themselves by rescuing the university from athletic atrophy.

That resurgence took the form of the first annual Campus Fashion Competition, sponsored by and held in Bramson's Evanston store. For enthusiasm, suspense and good cheer, this intramural tournament far overshadowed any of the recent jousts held in Dyche stadium.

Each of the women's residence halls and sorority houses was invited to choose a model and two or three fashion consultants. Between 3 p.m. and midnight on a Monday, the teams were turned loose in the store and allowed to select ensembles for a competitive fashion show the next evening. Each model was outfitted with a daytime and an evening costume, neither exceeding a retail value of $100. After the clothes were chosen the champion and her seconds did what is known in the trade as "accessorizing," and in English as picking out jewelry.

Store employes were forbidden to volunteer advice or answer questions on the compatibility of mode and model. Another rule limited the period for making selections to half an hour. The latter injunction was observed only in the breach, however, as some groups spent hours luxuriating in the labyrinthine stock rooms where the finery was hung on plain pipe racks.

The aisles teemed with sweaters and skirts and conversation like:

"You don't want a big hat." "Well, you don't want a potsy one either."

"I can't keep the damn thing on."

"I have to have all my clothes altered." "That's why she makes such a good model."

"I kind of like this one, provided I can breathe."

"This cotton-pickin' scarf is the only thing that's bothering me."

"This is the best idea; I think it's more fun."

"I feel like an idiot."

On the night of the competition, both floors of the store were filled to capacity with undertakers' chairs accommodating nearly a thousand guests

Gleeful defiance of mannequin's formal wear was registered by Claudia Burgess, whose favorite garb is that in which she arrived. Miss Burgess, from Freeport, represented working girls' dormitory, Orrington house.

Miss Dombek mistakenly went to Bramson's Michigan avenue store, arrived at the right one late, and made a futile attempt to zip herself into a size seven dress. She represented Delta Delta Delta sorority.

Myrna Anderson, Gamma Phi Beta entry from River Forest, chose a heavily fringed dress and tested it with an impromptu performance of the Charleston.

from the 27 residences taking part. The spectators were given coffee and pastry while the contestants primped and worried and said things like, "Somebody fluff me out." One of the clerks was roundly scolded for participating in the primping, though she pleaded an impartial urge to see all of the girls looking their best.

As step-off time arrived, the counselors gave their models encouraging little spanks like basketball coaches sending in replacements. Then a trio struck up *I've Got My Eyes on You* and the models sashayed down the main staircase, past the judges table and around the store. Polite applause was punctuated by partisan cheering as each girl passed the section occupied by her housemates.

Bramson's executive Richard Levin furnished a flow of jocular patter, heroically avoiding the stunning jargon generally used by fashion commentators. The judges, fashion editors of the newspapers, consumed awesome quantities of coffee and tobacco smoke, frowned studiously and scribbled notes like "too tight," "too sexy" and "Is this college?"

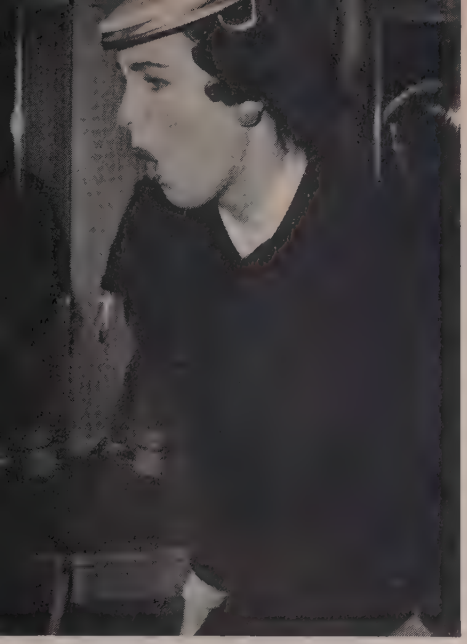
Then they picked the winner, who was engulfed by squealing supporters and all but carried out into Sherman avenue on their shoulders.

"I've got just the hat for you," said consultant Lynn Mattes of Winnetka, right. But Delta Gamma model Cynthia Stanton of Downers Grove was more convulsed than convinced.

Determined to pick sports clothes, even for her nocturnal ensemble, Miss Burgess tried to improvise a skating costume by pulling quilted skirt up around her ribs and covering part of it with heavy sweater. Later she was tempted by red and black lounging leotard, but finally settled for conservative dinner dress. She is a singer, drummer, aviatrix and aspirant to musical comedy stardom.

Fourteenth way to play peek-a-boo was discovered by Winnie Schmidt, of Northwest Side, as she admired stacked petticoats from fitting room. She represented Women-off-Campus, commuting coeds' organization.

Rita De Rosa, right, Chi Omega entry from Patterson, New Jersey, was assisted by Sandy Pagel of Wauwatosa, Wisconsin. Miss De Rosa placed third in the competition.



Skaaren, Kappa Kappa
mma from Birmingham,
nigan, was momentarily
ressed for reasons shown
ottom of page.

The judges: Left to right, Peg Zwecker, "Daily News"; Betty Wood, "American"; Jean Davisson, "Sun-Times"; Rea Seeger, "Tribune."

Miss Skaaren was anything but distressed by announcement that she had won first prize—$300 and a trophy.

photographs by Don Bronstein

Second place went to Janet Haunstein of Toledo, left, who represented Northwestern apartments. More excited than any of the winners was her consultant, Sue Meyer, who put a bearhug on housemother when results were announced.

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One of the city's famed restaurants is now offering a table d'hote dinner not only moderate in price but lavish and different.

Dinners such as Shropshire chops, grilled veal kidneys, Florida pompano with almonds, steamed finnan haddie, roast prime ribs of beef, and Yankee pot roast range from $3.25 to $4.50. All are expertly prepared to individual taste. Desserts and coffee are extra.

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Add 5 lbs. finely ground frozen spinach, salt and pepper to taste, and let come to a boil, stirring occasionally.

Add 10 fluid ounces cream sauce and cook about 35 minutes, stirring frequently.

Makes approximately 12 servings.

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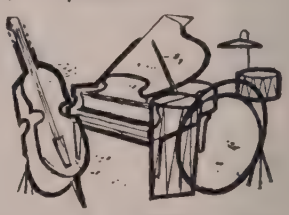

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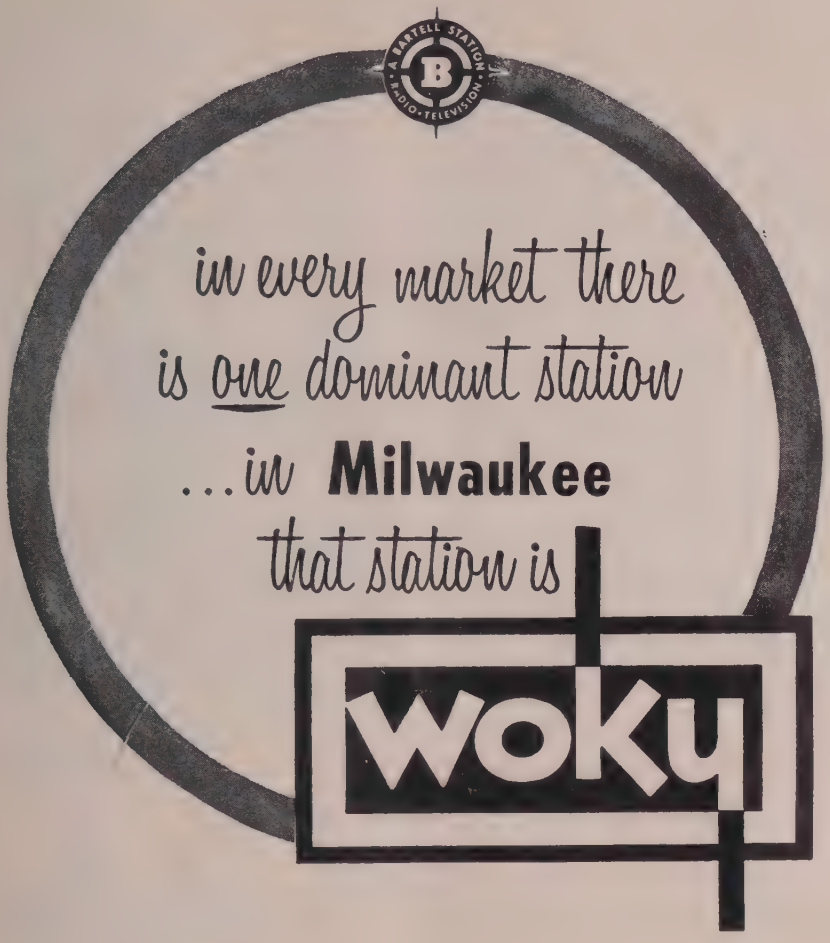

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A green touch brings Spring closer, and offers wintertime activity to city gardeners.

winter garden

by Don J. Anderson

Current trends in the use of plants point toward combining them with sculpture. This piece features a "stabile"—a partly stationary mobile. Designed by Alexander Calder.

Jo Mead has designed an indoor garden effect (with sculpture of St. Francis), available through local decorators. For easy assembly, the plants are kept in their own pots.

Another custom-made plant-sculpture unit, this period piece with a touch of modern was decorated by Clement L. Cointe of Los Angeles and Roberta Cole of Chicago.

This planter, constructed of fine wood, has a built-in light and an extra shelf that makes it a perfect hallway solution. Available through decorators from Singer & Sons.

City apartments are not exactly ideal plant nurseries, but here is a low pool for the living room that solves problems for urban plant-lovers. Custom-designed by Paul McCobb.

Scenic wallpaper, fountains, sculpture and rock edging transform an ordinary foyer into a tropical isle. From the home of Mr. and Mrs. H. Verblen, by Andrews and Bradford.

Perhaps the best solution for city-bound horticulturists—a low, waterproof tray to hold pebbles and plants. These below were designed by Victor Gruen.

For information as to where these items may be purchased, call Service department, MIchigan 2-6570.

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Contributors

Hands in the Bridewell were arrested by Don Bronstein, a prolific and sanguine photographer whose work has appeared in these pages more than anybody else's.

The author of *Herblock: Public Executioner,* John Madigan, is something of an executioner himself. As a member of *Newsweek's* Washington bureau, he often persecutes politicians on TV panel programs.

While he was taking the pictures of children in *Peek-a-boo,* Edward Wallowitch was interrogated by the Evanston police for two hours in an attempt to find out why he was always seen hanging around schoolhouse yards.

Jesse Stuart, who wrote *Red Mule and the Changing World,* has produced many short stories and novels on similar pastoral themes.

The movie censors came under the scrutiny of Bernard Gavzer, who works for the Associated Press here, and Norman Calhoun, the alter ego of a moderately well-known young clubman, child psychologist and Sinn Fein member.

Reuel Denney, who teaches sociology at the University of Chicago, writes poems like *A Jukebox Blues* in his spare moments to avoid membership in *The Lonely Crowd,* of which he is a co-author.

The Fundamentals of Putt-putting were explored by Phil Hirsch, a freelance writer who most often spears business subjects.

Soup from the Cliffs of South China is lauded by Richard Dunlop, who spent some time in that general area as a navy officer in World War II, and presently works for *Home and Highway,* the external house organ (a musical instrument situated on the back porch) of the Allstate Insurance company.

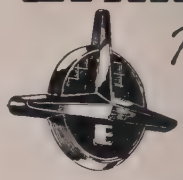
Paul M. Angle, who wrote *The Dependent,* is director of the Chicago Historical society.

The play-by-play of the *Clothes Bowl Game at Northwestern* was set forth by Alan Whitney, a quasi alumnus of the University of Chicago who hates Northwestern but likes its coeds. He also wrote *The Onion Patch,* hiding behind his initials, and a couple of other things even less openly.

Winter Garden, which has nothing to do with the old days in vaudeville, was compiled by Don Anderson, who contributes to cultural progress by arranging the art exhibits at Riccardo's restaurant.

Fechtmeyer's

Evinrude



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Readers & Writers

Fashion Note

Sir: Even though I'm not wearing my best, I feel dressed up when I'm carrying a copy of CHICAGO.

MARGE HENRY MCCARTHY

Welcome Wire

Sir: JANUARY COVER STRIKINGLY DIFFERENT AND BEAUTIFUL.

KURT DOSMAR,
New York

Near Miss

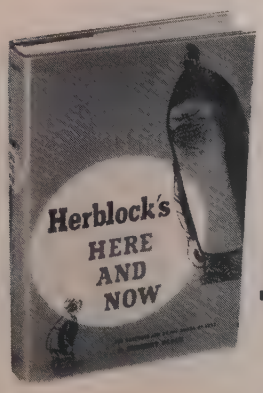
Sir: Congratulations on Helen Perlman's story, "Niagara Falls Is a Terrible Place to Go," in the January issue. It is one of the most heartwarming stories I've read. It made me almost glad I am a human being.

BEN KRIT

We'll Try to Stay Sipid

Sir: Please keep CHICAGO's coverage broad, its style factual and informative—and stay away from some insipid intellectualism which has tasted flat in past issues.

GUSTAV CARSCH



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new book contains 250 superb political cartoons and a never-before-in-print commentary that insists on being read aloud. "Important and delightful," says *The Chicago Sun-Times*. "Even if you disagree with him, you may chuckle before you bristle because Herblock has the valuable gift of humorous wisdom." Ask for ***Herblock's* Here and Now,** price $2.95.

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Defends Niagara Falls

Sir: I was very disappointed when I discovered that the magazine I had once admired had lowered itself to the standard of the dime-a-dozen tripe which was displayed in the article, "Niagara Falls Is a Terrible Place to Go" [December].

Perhaps your editors felt that it was qualified because it was basically quite realistic and true to life. Who would consider it such? It is a regrettable thing when a comedian portrays marriage as a farce, but it is even more serious when a magazine which enters the home and is read by all does the same thing.

JOANNE DUFFY,
Oak Park

We'll Think It Over

Sir: I will not publish any magazine if you will not tell pr people how to run pr. ["How to Be a Fabulous Press Agent"—December.]

MAX COOPER

Two Man Uproar

Sir: I'm sure that by now you have been amply chastised for running "How to Be a Fabulous Press Agent" in your December issue; but I cannot rest without adding my voice of protest to the general uproar.

I don't know who your author is [Neither do we.—Ed.], but permitting him to call himself a public relations man is about as fitting as it would be to have Mr. Harrison of *Confidential* testify before the U.S. Senate as a spokesman for the magazine publishers of America. This man is nothing but a cynical, amoral and questionable press agent, and is no more qualified to even use the term public relations than a charwoman at Wesley hospital would be qualified in calling herself a doctor of medicine.

PHILIP LESLY

It's An Ill Wind That Blows No Press Agent Good

Sir: I was especially impressed with the anonymous article entitled "How to Be a Fabulous Press Agent" in the December issue. The author's sympathetic reference to Kiwanis was extremely gratifying. The mention of Kiwanis in the picture story, "No, Virginia, There Isn't a Santa Claus," was also pleasant from my standpoint.

JOHN MCGEHEE,
Public Relations Director,
Kiwanis International

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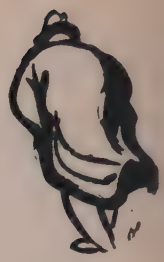

The adulation traditionally accorded low or nice round numbers on license plates is now being extended to include addresses of buildings. The people who put up the apartment building at Bellevue and the inner drive a couple of years ago had to stretch a point to call it 1000 Lake Shore Drive, since it is several lots north of the corner of Oak street. This dubious solution then created its own problem. The owners now plan to erect an office and store building on the south section of the lot. Its address can't be less than 1000, because it's north of Oak street, and it can't be more than 1000, since it's south of a structure already having that number. So it's going to be 1000 North Michigan Avenue, despite the fact that its frontage begins after that street ends.

This kind of juggling opens up numerous preemptive possibilities. The new Sun-Times building, for example, will be located on the north bank of the river with no street at all running along its principal frontage. There seems no pressing reason why the paper couldn't spiritually leap the river and take an address on the north side of Wacker drive, where nobody else is likely to locate in the future.

PLAYING FAST AND LOOSE with addresses is not confined to the city. It also occurs in a suburb called Miami Beach, where many of our citizens like to spend long week-ends at this time of year.

There it's considered quite nice to have an address on Lincoln road, and even better if it's a concise one. The building at the east end of the street is actually located at 169 Lincoln road, but it has pulled number 1 in from the ocean and attached it to the main entrance.

Miami Beach has stronger claims to eccentricity than this, however. Its architectural landmarks are not museums or statues but hotels—a circumstance resulting from the fact that all the buildings in town are hotels. The most lavish of these is the Fontainebleau, a semi-circular inn that has fishponds and classical sculpture in an otherwise severely modern lobby, and two-room suites for $175 a day. For several months after it opened, the Fontainebleau had a museum-like atmosphere, as the number of awed sightseers in the foyer far exceeded the capacity of the rooms. The Chez Bon Bon coffee shop in the basement of the place is another study in contrasts. This room is furnished with pink and green wrought iron chairs and even its cigaret machine is of contemporary design. But behind the soda fountain sit whole pineapples redolent of some of the more economical restaurants in the Loop.

There is a little shop in that community containing nothing but coin-operated vibrators for restoring circulation to the feet. There is also an Irish restaurant which flaunts its longevity with a sign saying: "Established 1945."

Just as many North Americans are now going on to the Carribean, a lot of Latins are following the opposite path. Hence a sign over a snack shop in the Miami airport reading: "*Bienvenidos amigos a* Miami *y* Bob's Buffet."

A certain nostalgia may be created by the fact that 161 hotels in the Miami-Miami Beach area have the same names as Chicago hotels. The Palmer House is three-story establishment in the rather unfashionable south end of Miami Beach.

It's illegal here to trail advertising signs from airplanes, but such is not the case there. There is an almost continuous Sunday afternoon parade above the beach of messages plugging somebody's kreplach soup or urging, "Get even at jai alai tomorrow."

The newspaper situation is rather confusing in Miami. The *Herald* is owned by the same people who have our *Daily News*. Their *Daily News* is the *Herald's* rival, and it has what may be our *Daily News'* most formidable asset: *Pogo*.

Hotel suites are not the only expensive item in Miami Beach. Stamp machines give eight, instead of nine cents worth of merchandise for a dime. And Latins are not the only foreigners specifically greeted. A fruit-shipping place on Lincoln road has a sign reading, "Welcome Canadians to M. B. We accept Canadian currency." Above this display are a couple of British flags, but no Canadian ones.

Recreation is proferred like orange juice in Miami Beach. Hotel social directors are constantly teaching the rumba, organizing amateur variety shows and encouraging ping-pong games. Despite all this professional assistance, however, people still like to improvise diversions of their own.

One is a nameless game which begins when two people place a penny on the concrete deck around a swimming pool. Then they stand facing each other across the penny, each about six feet away from it. After that they bounce a rubber ball back and forth, trying to hit the penny on the way. Each time a contestant does so, he gets a point. Usually hitting the penny has the additional advantage of bringing it closer to you and thus making subsequent shots easier, but occasionally it will hop toward your opponent, instead. The game is 21 points.

THE NEW CHIEF of the *Daily News'* Washington bureau, Edwin A. Lahey, indulged in some real Capitol Hill logic in a report on the case of Gil Green, the local Communist who has been hiding from the government for five years. The story read, in part:

"A poverty-stricken young man named Gil Greenberg 30 years ago went to a public library branch on the West Side of Chicago to find some answers to the problems of his world.

"Greenberg should have stood in the pool hall at Kedzie and Van Buren with the rest of the guys.

"That fateful trip to the library set Greenberg off on a life that ultimately made him a criminal and a fugitive . . .

"The young Greenberg, now 48-year-old Gil Green, found what he thought were the answers in the writings of Karl Marx, Gustavus Myers, Jack London, Edward Bellamy and other characters who didn't think that the status quo was here to stay . . ."

Here Leahy implicitly presents a revolutionary three-fold program for fighting Communism:

1) Revise all social science books to teach that things have always been as they are now and always will be.

2) Close the public library.

3) Encourage attendance at pool halls. —A. W.

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The First National Bank of Chicago

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Book and Drama Critic
The Chicago Sun-Times

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THE SUN-TIMES BOOK & AUTHOR LUNCHEONS

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Robert Casey	Allan Nevins
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Ruth Chatterton	Bellamy Partridge
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John Dos Passos	Sam Ross
William O. Douglas	Cornelia Otis Skinner
Bergen Evans	H. Allen Smith
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Since 1950, Chicagoans have had an opportunity to meet and hear some of the nation's most important contributors to contemporary letters at The Chicago Sun-Times Book and Author Luncheons, held three times yearly at the Crystal Ballroom of the Sheraton-Blackstone Hotel.

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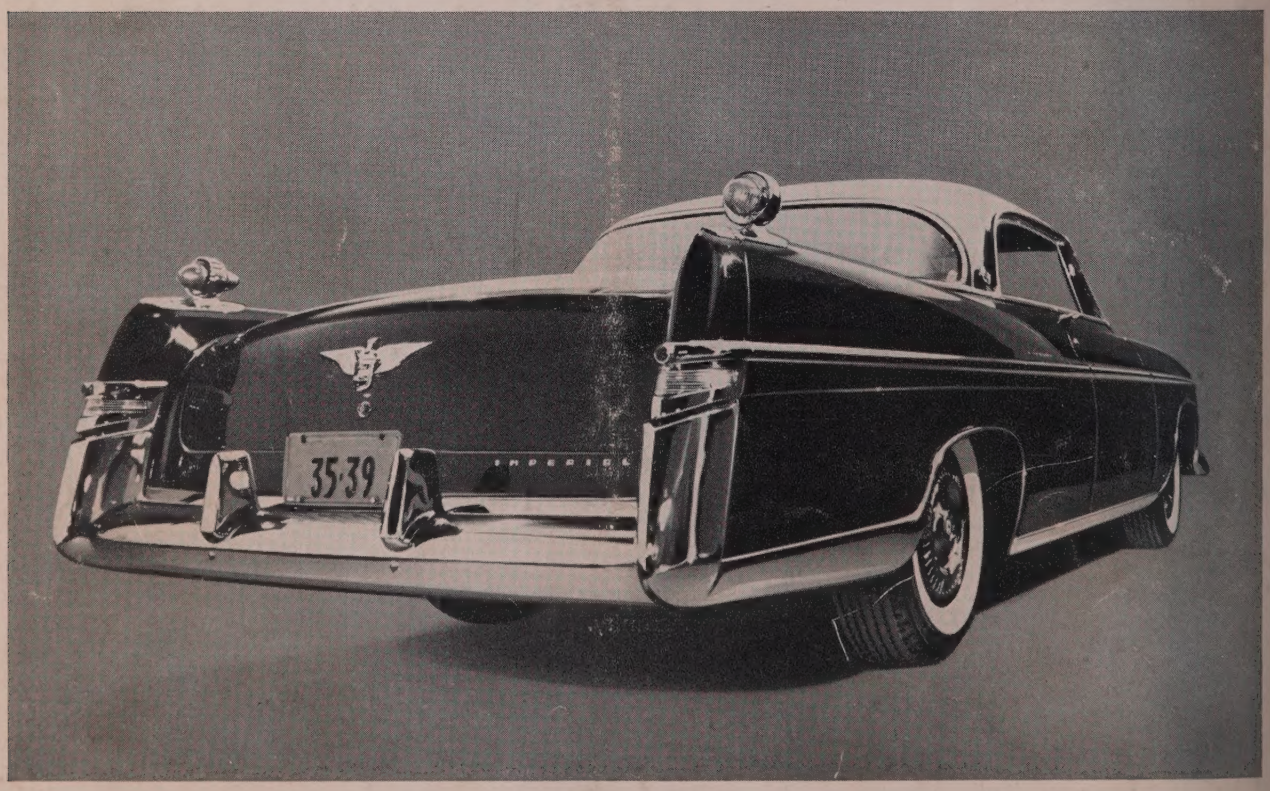

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